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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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PRINCE NAPOLEON AT WASHINGTON.

We herewith illustrate the Presentation of Prince Napoleon to the President by the Secretary of State, which took place on 3d instant at the White House; and we also give a portrait of the Princess Clotilde, who accompanied her husband to New York. The *Herald* correspondent said: "On Saturday the Prince called on the President at twelve o'clock, and was duly presented by the Secretary of State. The President received the Prince with marked courtesy, and welcomed him to the country in a few simple but hearty words of compliment. Without seeking, he said, to attach to this flattering visit of one so closely allied to the French throne, at this solemn crisis of the country's history, an undue importance, he could but feel that his presence at the capital was a guarantee of the friendly interest and generous sympathy of the French Government. The Prince, it is reported, listened with deep interest to the informal address of the President, and replied with brevity and much feeling."

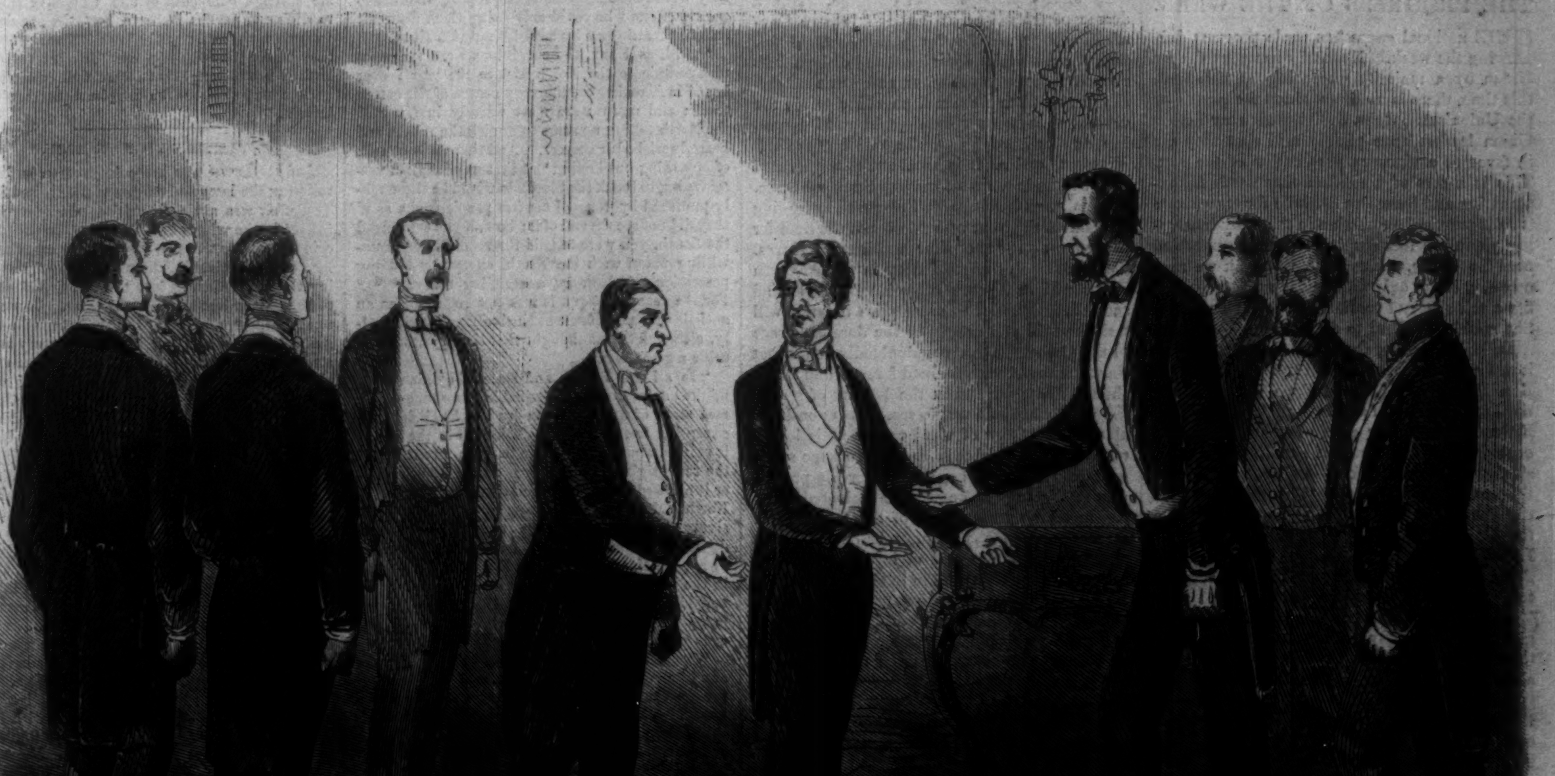
THE PRINCESS CLOTILDE, WIFE OF PRINCE NAPOLEON, NOW IN THIS COUNTRY.

The lady's name is Clotilde Maria Teresa of Savoy. She was born on 2d March, 1843, and is consequently eighteen, and very pretty. Of course, so young a person, however distinguished by birth, can have but little history as yet. It is said that she is very sweet-tempered and amiable, and extremely religious. One writer says of her:

> Imagine a girl with golden-brown hair, and a skin of pearly whiteness, just dawning into womanhood; a form already full and round, a figure of commanding aspect. Then the expression of the Princess's face is tenderly intellectual.

At the time of her marriage, the correspondent of the London *Times*, who saw her at the Opera with her future husband, on the occasion of the state visit of the King and the nuptial party to the theatre at Turin, said of her:

> I can not indorse the statement of the *Opinione* that the Princess was brilliant with beauty. She is not beautiful, but she has what is perhaps better than beauty, a very sweet and amiable expression, which, I am assured, is but the faithful mirror of her charming character. She is rather *petite* and girlish-looking, with brown hair, and a beautifully white skin. Her bearing was graceful, and free from any sort of embarrassment, although her position last night, as the focus of the public gaze, must have been a little trying to a young lady not yet sixteen.



PRESENTATION OF PRINCE NAPOLEON BY SECRETARY SEWARD TO THE PRESIDENT.

Here every body agrees that she is quite beautiful. In the absence of his Imperial Highness the beautiful Princess Clotilde occupies her time in visiting the points and places of interest in and about the city. The Princess, being as good as she is beautiful, devoutly attends Mass at the Chapel in Twenty-eighth Street each morning—thus in some sort atoning for the rebellion of her father against the Holy Father.

TO TALKERS.

GIVE us action—speech no longer;
Cheer no fellows to the fray;
Words are well, but deeds are stronger—
Out yourselves and lead the way.

Should each man but urge his neighbor:
"Go ye forth and reap the plain"—
Holding back himself from labor—
Where would be the ripened grain?

When goes up the roar of battle
Stoutest voices are but weak:
Not of cause and duty prattle—
Let your silent service speak.

Have you wives?—do soft eyes, pleading,
Hold you with their gentle spell?
Other hearts are torn and bleeding,
Other men have homes as well.

Urge them not the smoking altar
With such gifts as these to strew,
If you feel your bosom falter
When the gods appeal to you.

Point not out a path to others
Which your feet refuse to tread;
Follow with your earnest brothers,
Though it lead among the dead.

Even now the forest arches
With the tramp of men are rife;
Join your brothers on their marches,
Join them in the surging strife.

Whether drummer-boy or colonel
Matters not be duty done;
Battling for a truth eternal,
All are equal—ranks are one.

Should you win a brave dismission
From your country's holy wars,
Yours shall be a high commission,
Bearing date among the stars!

But bring deeds, not mouthings merely,
Urging others to the fray;
You that see the path so clearly,
Yours the feet should lead the way!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1861.

THE PROGRESS OF THE WEEK.

THE national cause has made progress during the week. Kentucky has gone for the Union by a majority exceeding 60,000; and, this time, there is no doubt about the *quality* of the Unionism. John J. Crittenden and other Union leaders have plainly said that they are in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war. This is a sort of Unionism that needs no explanation and leaves no loophole for treachery: it finds practical expression in the daily increasing volunteer force which is being assembled near Louisville. Kentucky, we think we may now say, is not only safe, but is sure to contribute a fair share of soldiers to the Union army. She could not afford to do less.

In Missouri, too, the cause is stronger than it was a week ago. General Lyon has defeated Ben M'Culloch: General Pope is setting the northern counties in order; and Major-General Fremont is working with such energy in the organization of the army of the Mississippi, that all danger of an attack upon Cairo is past, and the promised descent upon Western Tennessee can not be far distant. A camp of instruction for 30,000 men is being established near St. Louis, and another, with an equal force, at Springfield, Illinois. Money has gone forward to pay the Missouri volunteers.

No actual progress has been made in Virginia, but the enemy has not attempted to cross the Potomac. A week ago this was highly probable; and even now, if Beauregard were the general he is painted, he would not suffer the Bull Run victory to remain fruitless. But General M'Clellan has taken such precautions that no attack on our intrenchments in the vicinity of Washington seems to be apprehended; and between Georgetown and Harper's Ferry a strong force with heavy artillery, under General Banks and General M'Call, guard every ford. It is understood that the rebels are fortifying Matthias Point, with a view to close the navigation of the Lower Potomac: this will probably necessitate an attack on the place, and the capture of the works of the insurgents. Nothing is allowed to transpire with regard to our force at Washington; it is probably not less than 75,000 men, all of whom, under the M'Clellan régime, are daily improving in discipline and military condition. No attack has been made upon Fortress Monroe or Newport News; but Colonel Magruder has burned the Virginian town of Hampton, and rendered hundreds of Virginian families houseless.

The Maryland Legislature has adjourned without passing an ordinance of secession, or making any approach thereto. Senator Breckinridge attempted last week to rouse the secessionists of Baltimore to acts of violence by an inflammatory speech; but the Union men of the city hooted him down. We presume that contempt for his fallen condition alone prevented Major-General Dix from arresting this Breckinridge for attempting to provoke a treasonable breach of the peace.

Recruiting progresses steadily. The Western States are pouring out men, a large proportion of the three months' volunteers—among others, Colonel Wallace's Eleventh Indiana Regiment—having taken the oath for the war. In New York city—though the bulk of the three months' volunteers are still holding back, principally because every one wants to be an officer—some 17,000 of the 25,000 men called for by the Governor are already enrolled. New York will undoubtedly have 60,000 men in the field by the fall, and other Northern States will do as well.

SLAVERY AND THE WAR.

THE London *Times* and other European papers assure us that we would have the hearty sympathy of Europe if we proclaimed emancipation to the slaves. The Toronto *Globe* and other Canadian journals, in like manner, are severe upon the Government for not making an end of slavery at once.

It is a good deal easier to talk about emancipation than to effect it. In the first place, neither Congress nor the Administration has any more power to free the slaves in Virginia than to confiscate cattle in New England. The control of the institution of slavery is by the Constitution reserved to the States in which it exists, and so late as last March Congress almost unanimously declared that it had no authority to interfere with it in any State.

In the second place, four of the fifteen slave States—Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri—must be classed as loyal. The contest, therefore, though primarily growing out of the institution of slavery, is not a struggle between free States and slave States, or between abolition and slavery. For the sake of Kentucky and Missouri, it would be impolitic, if it were Constitutional, for the Government to convert the war into a war of emancipation.

Again, the theory of the Government—which rests upon substantial evidence—is that the rebellion is the work of a part only of the Southern people, and that many of them—if not an absolute majority—are loyal in their hearts, and are now silenced by the armed despotism of Jeff Davis. There is good reason to believe that this theory is sound with regard to every State except perhaps South Carolina. Now a decree of emancipation—even if it were Constitutional and otherwise politic—would fall with equal severity upon loyal and disloyal citizens in the insurgent region, and would effectually prevent the former from rising to aid the Government in overthrowing the rebel despotism, as they have done in Western Virginia and Missouri, and as it is confidently anticipated they will do in due time in every Southern State.

Finally, as has been well observed by leading statesmen, the hour of battle is not the time for the emancipation of four millions of slaves. The abolition of negro slavery in the Southern States will be a work of such magnitude and such difficulty, that to accomplish it safely will task the skill and energy of the dominant race to the utmost. It were undoubtedly better that slavery should be maintained forever than that it should disappear amidst the horrors of servile wars and wholesale massacres. It is not desirable, in any point of view, that the relation of master and slave should end before some stringent provision has been made for the prevention of vagrancy among the emancipated laborers, and for the protection of the late owners. And though the present rebellion has not strengthened the regard of loyal men for the rebels, still the claim of the latter to indemnity, in the event of emancipation, can not honorably be overlooked. These are considerations which can not be weighed amidst the clash of arms, and hence Congress postponed the whole subject for the present. We can not but think that it did well.

That negro slavery will come out of this war unscathed is impossible. The mere escape of slaves will weaken the institution irrecoverably in the States where the war is waged: for Government must obviously act upon the principles of General Butler's letter. Nor will it ever be forgotten that slavery was the root of the rebellion. It may be taken for granted that the national territories are forever sealed against the institution; and it needs but little foresight to perceive that, within a year, emancipation will be in progress in Maryland and the District of Columbia. Whether our Generals will use their right of emancipating slaves under proclamations of martial law; to what extent the confiscating Act of Congress may be applied to slaves; and what other accidents may befall the institution in the course of the war—no one, of course, can guess. But we think that, on reflection, people in England and in Canada will perceive that neither Mr. Lincoln nor Congress could, at this stage in the affair, have pursued the course they recommend.

THE LOUNGER.

AN INSIDE VIEW OF ENGLISH FEELING.

THE private letter from which the following extracts are taken, is from an English writer well and widely known in this country. They are peculiarly interesting as a statement of English popular feeling, and also of the great ignorance of the intelligent English in regard to this country and its system of government. The writer lives in Manchester, and the letter is dated July 24:

"* * * I think our feeling, as far as I can judge of it, in England has been one of extreme bewilderment. At first every one here was surprised at the secession being taken so quietly. I was in London in March, and saw a good deal of the old set of politicians who haunt Lansdowne House, people of the old statesman-like habits of thinking; not the highest, perhaps, but what people here call the 'old Whig party,' and as such favorable to America. They were utterly puzzled by the calmness with which you Americans then appeared to take the secession or rebellion. Mr. Bright, as you know, held your peaceable endurance of one State after another declaring their secession up in the House of Commons as a model to our imitation, and as a proof of the admirableness of your Constitution. Then came the news of the attack on and capture of Fort Sumter without any one being killed; so the whole affair, instead of appearing to us as it did to you, a serious attack on your national flag, appeared to be a piece of bluster on the part of the Southern States, hardly as a serious affair; so that we were literally bewildered by the effect it produced in America—an effect which no one would have wondered at if it had occurred three months before, at the first secession of South Carolina.

"Just at this time, or very soon after it, many stanch anti-slavery people in England were sadly daunted in their sympathies by an account * * * of the way in which fugitive slaves were being sent back by the Northern free States to their masters, if those masters lived in the slave States that had not seceded. This, which has since been confirmed * * *, has, to a certain degree in England, taken off the character of the war being an anti-slavery war. But at the same time I never heard *one word*, I, living in the centre of a cotton-consuming population, in favor of the South. They were always spoken of as shameless, villainous traitors, even by those who, not exactly understanding your Constitution, did not consider them as rebels, imagining that they had a right to secede, but that their treacherous, abominable deceit, in preparing so long and with such deeply infamous plotting to secede, deserved all possible reprobation by honest men. At the same time, it was not seen what beyond punishing the South could be gained by the North in a war. If the South chose to rebel, it seemed as though it were like an honest, upright firm getting rid of an utterly unprincipled partner, and that they would even sacrifice some property in order to get rid of one who could only bring them discredit and do them injury by associating with them.

"Still, as I say, these opinions were the most unfavorable to the North and to the war I ever heard in Manchester, the very centre of the cotton trade: and many were most warmly in favor of the North taking up arms to punish the rebels, and heartily wished it success. And there was no talk of any thing but hoping but that any English vessel trying to break the blockade would be thoroughly punished by you. I confess people spoke as if they did not see the end of it; how, if you conquered the South, you were to hold the rebel States in unwilling union with the North, except by holding possession of them by a standing army. * * * For the reasons above it was not regarded as an anti-slavery movement exclusively or intentionally, although it was thought that slavery would receive a great blow.

"In all this feeling and state of opinion there might be great and unjustifiable ignorance of the real state of affairs shown by the English; but, excepting from Mr. Motley's letters in the *Times*, it seemed almost impossible to learn any thing of the real original Constitution of the Union, whether it allowed the right of secession or not—why the North had taken all (that was enraging *us*) so passively at the time—and why, at last, when our indignation at the treachery of the South had faded away, the North suddenly boiled over. As I said in the beginning, our state of *opinion* was simply bewilderment: our state of *feeling* respectful sympathy with the North, *till Mr. Clay's speech*: and even now America is our deepest interest.

"* * * What did you want us to *do?* * * * We are like some one seeing a quarrel between two parties, the cause of which he is not fully up to, but which he is trying to understand, while all his sympathies are with one party who has, he thinks, been deceived and ill-used, and suddenly this party turns round and attacks him, stupid, perhaps, but well-meaning fellow. I can hardly tell you how surprised every body was by Mr. Clay's speech. From the people holding the *most* old-fashioned Tory opinions I only heard regret at the secession indignation with the South. That was in March, but people had been made very angry indeed at Mr. Clay's threats; and this feeling is only just dying away, and they are again returning to their old feeling of deep interest and sympathy. Read Mr. Ludlow's paper in *Macmillan* for June—that expresses as fully as any thing I know what I hear; and I certainly mix very widely and largely with thinking people on all sides. Russell's letters to the *Times* are looked upon as merely *panoramic* writing."

THE TWO PARTIES.

WHEN men are in arms against each other, they must either try by fighting which party shall have its way, or, without fighting, one party must agree that the other shall prevail. In other words, with or without fighting, one party must surrender.

That is precisely the case in this country. The rebels are in arms to overthrow the Government. The Government is armed to defend itself. Suppose the Government asks the rebels on what terms they will lay down their arms. Suppose the rebels say upon condition that every State may go out of the Union whenever it wishes. Suppose the Government replies, "Very well; have it so." Then what? Then the Constitution is abrogated, and the Government destroyed. It is a simple surrender without fighting. But suppose the Government laughs, and says, "What you demand is the recognition of the right of any political party lawfully defeated at an election to take up arms and overthrow the Government. It is a simply silly proposition." Why, then there wouldn't be any surrender, but the difference would be settled by fighting, and if the Government prevailed it would ever afterward be a thousand times as strong.

In view of these very evident facts, the General Democratic Committee have made a blunder. At this moment there are and can be but two parties in this country. One of them holds to maintaining the Government at every cost, and without parley with rebels until they lay down their arms; and, when that is done, proceeding in good faith to the constitutional remedy of every grievance that shall be shown to exist. The other party holds to a forcible resistance to the Government as a redress of asserted wrongs, and to a palliation and justification of that resistance.

There can be but those two parties. When the Government itself is in danger party names, which describe political policies under the Government, have no meaning. Every man in the Northern States is in favor of an energetic, comprehensive, overwhelming force to subdue rebellion; or he favors a hesitating, doubtful management, which only makes the rebellion successful.

When, therefore, the Democratic Committee say that "the war can only be safely prosecuted by a more rigorous command," etc., and then add, in the same paragraph, that it is "the duty of the Federal Government to hold out terms of peace and accommodation to the dissevered States, assuring them of all their rights under the Constitution," etc., they merely aid and comfort the rebellion by implying that there can be, or ought to be, any other terms held out than implicit obedience to the laws of the land, and by the farther implication that some of the rights of some citizens of the United States under the Constitution are in danger.

They have made the old blunder of trying to blow hot and cold in the same breath. The late party lines in this country are obliterated. A struggle so vital and radical as this, necessarily disposes of the party issues which indirectly occasion it, and the Republican Convention which meets on the 14th of September, if it is wise, will simply propose an unfaltering faith in the Constitution and its adequacy for every emergency, and a determination to maintain it at every cost and in perfect reliance upon the fidelity of the people to the Government whatever their previous political bias; and as an earnest of this faith it will nominate a ticket composed of men who have belonged to different parties hitherto, but who are devoted with an equal ardor to the unconditional preservation of the Constitution and Government of the United States—and that ticket will be elected by such a majority as the Empire State has never known.

TRAITORS UPON TREASON.

JOHN BROWN was hung for treason in forcibly resisting the laws and officers of the United States. The affair was made the subject of inquiry by the Senate in the winter of 1859–'60, when the present colossal treason was plotting by Senators and members of the Cabinet. The worthy Floyd was sending the national arms into the disaffected section, to be used against the United States. Toucey was sending the national ships to the other side of the globe. Cobb was depleting the Treasury and destroying public confidence. Thompson was using all the power of the Government at his official command to sap the foundations of the Government. In the Senate "that very remarkable traitor," as his brother-in-law calls him, James M. Mason, known solely as the author of the Fugitive Slave Bill and as a Senator false to his oath, and Jefferson Davis and the other men known in our history as Catiline and Cethegus are in that of Rome, were waiting the favorable moment to strike at the heart of the nation.

In such a Senate, under such a Cabinet, a Committee of five was appointed to inquire into the facts of the Harper's Ferry raid. Who composed that Committee? There were two members taken from the then opposition, and the three others, the majority, were James M. Mason, Chairman; Jefferson Davis, and G. N. Fitch of Indiana. Can there be a more ridiculous farce conceived than the spectacle of these men inquiring with horror into the details of the hopeless plan of a mistaken but honest old man, and endeavoring to fasten the odium of direct or indirect complicity upon their fellow Senators? Is there a man now so dull that he does not see how, under the guise of patriotic indignation against a traitor, they were more sedulously elaborating their own stupendous treason, using all the excitement of the time to persuade the men of their section that John Brown had only started a little too soon, and had so betrayed the intention of the whole North?

Yes, there is one thing more ridiculous, and that is the remark of the worthy Floyd when he was summoned to give his testimony. Imagine John B. Floyd a year ago last winter appearing as a witness in a case of treason before Jefferson Davis and James M. Mason, and gravely saying: "*I was satisfied in my own mind that a scheme of such wick-*

edness and outrage could not be entertained by any citizens of the United States."

Is it surprising that thoughtful men at home and abroad wondered whether we were not so utterly rotten that nothing but death could be expected?

PUT NOT YOUR TRUST IN "RELIABLE INFORMATION."

IT is impossible to advise too strongly that nobody should put his peace of mind into the keeping of the newspapers. If you are pained and alarmed by any thing you see "reported," or "surmised," or "stated," or "inferred," or by what is "understood," or "highly probable," or "beyond doubt," or "of course," the only way is to push on far enough and you will find the antidote in the same paper.

For instance, in a Morning paper the Lounger reads:

"In those sections, such as Middle and Southern Georgia, and similar portions of Alabama, where the large slaveholders are in the ascendency, many, very many, would wish to see a reconstruction of the old Government, but no one dares openly to utter a Union sentiment."

This is given upon the authority of a gentleman who left Savannah on the day of the battle at Bull Run.

And immediately below it, in the same column, is the "statement of a Union man of Georgia." He says:

"The war is really carried on by the large slave-owning planters, and they have thrown life and all into the conflict."

These gentlemen are both unquestionably veracious, but their impressions totally differ. The true way to comfort of mind is to grant the enemy equal earnestness of conviction and resolution and bravery with ourselves; to believe that the rebel forces are larger at any particular point than we are told, and that they are well led; that they must fight soon, and fight desperately. It is foolish to be swayed by the statements of this reliable gentleman and that perfectly trust-worthy person, each of which has the amplest means of information. Believe the worst of the enemy, and we shall be sure to do the best ourselves. The men in arms against us are not to be coaxed; they are to be conquered if we would save the country.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A MORNING'S REFLECTION.

BY A VERY YOUNG GENTLEMAN WHO HAD BEEN "MAKING A NIGHT OF IT."

THIS truth I've learned, alas! a day too late,
That dissipation makes a dizzy pate.

LIGHT, CHEERFUL, COMPLIMENTARY, AND LITERARY!—At the review of the Curragh the other day, there were a large number of Irish beauties present, which interesting fact led H. R. H. to exclaim, with that happiness and gallantry for which his family has long been distinguished, that he was delighted to find the race of CURRER BELLE(S) was far from extinct.

THE FALSEST OF FALSE UTTERERS.—One who coins lies.

EGGING HIM ON.

KNOWING OLD GENTLEMAN. "Now, Sir, talking of eggs, can you tell me where a ship lays to?"

SMART YOUTH (*not in the least disconcerted*). "Don't know, Sir, unless it is in the hatchway."

Spriggins says he always travels with his wife, who contrives to be obstinate and out of humor from the time they leave home till they get where they are going to. The only time she ever smiled, he says, was when he broke his ankle.

All that most young women need to inflame their hearts is a spark.

A surgical journal tells of a man who lived five years with a ball in his head. We have known ladies live twice as long with nothing but balls in their heads.

THE HIGHWAYMAN WORSTED.

"I've been rifled in Mexico, robbed by banditti."
"Poor Caleb! your case I most heartily pity."
"Yes; they stole all my coats, and my manuscript leaves."
"Then, Caleb, I pity not you, but the thieves!"

"I say, William," said the wife of an English laborer, breathing her last wishes, "you'll see the old sow don't kill her young ones?" "Ay, ay, wife, set thee good." "And I say, William, you'll see Lizzie goes to school regular?" "Ay, ay, wife, set thee good." "And I say, William, you'll see that Tommy's breeches is mended against he goes to school again?" "Ay, ay, wife, set thee good." "And I say, William, you'll see that I am laid proper in the yard?" William grew impatient. "Now never thee mind them things, wife; I'll see to them all; you just go on with your dying."

Why are well-fed chickens like successful farmers? They are blessed with full crops.

"Is there much water in the cistern, Biddy?" inquired a gentleman of his servant-girl as she came up from the kitchen. "It is full on the bottom, Sir, but there's none at all on the top," was the reply.

KEEPING LATE HOURS.—In the city resides William S——, a teamster, who is noted for his jollity, and also for keeping late hours, as he usually goes home at two o'clock in the morning. Well, one stormy night, about a year ago, William concluded to go home early, and accordingly he arrived at his house at just midnight. In answer to his knock, his mother opened a window and inquired, "Who is there?" "William," was the reply. "No," said she, "you can't come that over me; *my* William won't be home for two hours yet." Poor Bill had to wait till his usual time.

"Dog cheap" is now defined as meaning the keeping of a canine without paying the tax.

TEACHER. "Toby, what did the Israelites do when they crossed the Red Sea?"

TOBY. "I don't know, ma'am, but I guess they dried themselves."

An ignorant tailor, zealous overmuch, waited upon Dean Swift to express his fears that, for a clergyman, he was too convivial, and not sufficiently conversant with the Scriptures, concerning passages of which he had come, he said, to examine him. Swift answered his few stupid questions with great good-nature; and when he had concluded, expressed a wish to consult him, as he should needs be up in the matter, in relation to a doubtful point contained in an important chapter of the Bible. "We read," said the Dean, "in Revelations, that the Angel of the Lord stood with one foot on the land, the other on the sea. Now what I wish you to inform me, with the same freedom that I have answered your queries, is, How much cloth would it take to make the angel alluded to a pair of pantaloons that should fit him as he stood?" The tailor, of course, was nonplused.

Some one says that the music of the Chinese is deliciously horrible—"like cats trying to sing base with sore throats."

"How many deaths?" asked the hospital physician, while going his rounds." "Nine." "Why, I ordered medicine for ten." "Yes, but one wouldn't take it."

AN INFANT LOGICIAN.—A grandchild of Dr. Emmons, when not more than six years of age, came to him with a trouble weighing on her mind. "A B says that the moon is made of green cheese, and I don't believe it." "Don't you believe it? Why not?" "I know it isn't." "But how do you know?" "Is it, grandpa?" "Don't ask me that question; you must find it out for yourself." "How can I find it out?" "You must study into it." She knew enough to resort to the first chapter of Genesis for information, and after a truly Emmonslike search she ran into the study, exclaiming, "I've found it out; the moon is not made of green cheese, for the moon was made before the cows were."

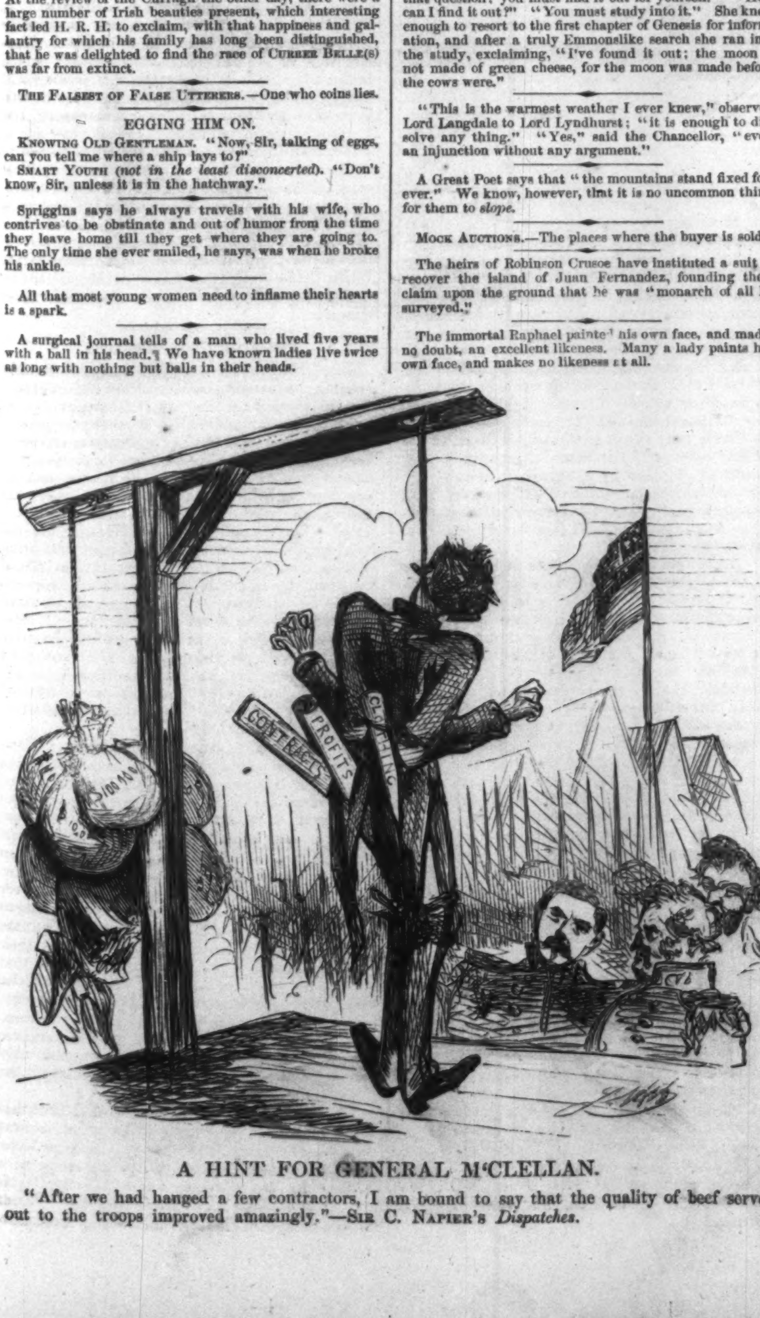
"This is the warmest weather I ever knew," observed Lord Langdale to Lord Lyndhurst; "it is enough to dissolve any thing." "Yes," said the Chancellor, "even an injunction without any argument."

A Great Poet says that "the mountains stand fixed forever." We know, however, that it is no uncommon thing for them to *slope*.

MOCK AUCTIONS.—The places where the buyer is sold.

The heirs of Robinson Crusoe have instituted a suit to recover the island of Juan Fernandez, founding their claim upon the ground that he was "monarch of all he surveyed."

The immortal Raphael painted his own face, and made, no doubt, an excellent likeness. Many a lady paints her own face, and makes no likeness at all.



A HINT FOR GENERAL M'CLELLAN.

"After we had hanged a few contractors, I am bound to say that the quality of beef served out to the troops improved amazingly."—SIR C. NAPIER'S *Dispatches*.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Monday, August 5, in the Senate, the bill confiscating the property of rebels, with the House amendment confiscating all slaves found engaged in the military and naval service of the rebels, was taken up, on motion of Senator Breckinridge, and the amendment was agreed to by a vote of 24 to 11. A bill providing for additional enlistments in the navy was passed. The House bill to promote the efficiency of the Engineer corps was passed. A bill increasing the pay of privates and non-commissioned officers of the army, and also that of marines and sailors, two dollars a month, was passed.——In the House the Judiciary Committee reported a bill fixing the number of the members of the House under the late census, after March 3, at two hundred and thirty-nine, to be apportioned among the several States in accordance with the act of 1850. The bill was passed. The Senate amendment to the bill authorizing additional enlistments for the navy was amended by striking out the word "marines," and the bill passed. The bill to increase the Engineer corps and the corps of Topographical Engineers was passed. The Senate bill increasing the pay of the army and navy was passed. The Senate bill requiring an oath of allegiance and to support the Constitution from those in the civil service of the United States, and declaring that a refusal to take the oath shall be considered cause for dismissal, and the breaking of the oath to subject the offender to indictment for perjury, was passed. A bill was introduced repealing so much of the law as exempts a witness who testifies before an investigating committee from prosecution in a court of justice. Mr. Wickliffe said that he would vote for it, as under that clause the contractors and the company who stole the Indian bonds got clear. Without disposing of the bill the House adjourned.

On Tuesday, August 6, the Senate spent a considerable portion of the time previous to the adjournment in Executive Session, acting upon appointments and communications sent in by the President, who, with several members of the Cabinet, was at the Capitol, attending to the approval of bills. All the important measures which passed both Houses were approved by him—the only one at which he hesitated being the one providing for the confiscation of rebel property. Among the last bills passed by the Senate was the one to punish certain crimes against the United States. Senator Powell, of Kentucky, offered a resolution relating to the imprisonment of the Baltimore Police Commissioners, but the Senate refused to consider it. The joint resolution approving the acts of the President was not acted upon, but goes over to the regular session, for a more extended debate.——In the House very little business of public importance was done. A resolution was adopted calling upon the President to communicate at the next session copies of all correspondence with foreign nations, since 1853, relative to maritime rights. A bill, increasing the pay of soldiers $2 a month, passed the House, and is now a law. This will make an increase in the expense of the army of at least $10,000,000. The hour for adjournment having arrived, the President was waited upon by a Committee in the usual way, and through them informed the House that he had no further communication to make, whereupon the Speaker declared the House adjourned *sine die*.

MOVEMENTS OF GENERAL M'CLELLAN'S ARMY.

The division of General M'Clellan's army into brigades occupies the entire attention of the commanding General, and demands the constant movement of all corps of the service on the line of the Potomac.

HAMPTON BURNED.

On Friday, of last week, General Magruder, with a force of 7000 men, including 200 cavalry and eight pieces of cannon, left Yorktown and advanced toward Hampton, reaching the outskirts of that place on Wednesday at noon. On the same evening, after firing on our pickets on this side of the river, Magruder, with 500 rebels, entered the town of Hampton, and giving to the few inhabitants remaining there only fifteen minutes in which to leave, set fire to the houses and destroyed the village. The flames raged throughout the night, and by noon of Thursday only seven or eight houses were standing. The rebels retired before the morning of Thursday. Meanwhile, Colonel Weber's regiment was guarding the bridge, the passage of which a company of rebels attempted to force, being repulsed with the loss of three killed and six wounded.

AS TO FUGITIVE SLAVES.

The Secretary of War has replied to General Butler respecting the disposition of fugitive slaves seeking protection at his hands. He states that it is the desire of the President that all existing rights in all the States be fully respected and maintained. The war now prosecuted on the part of the Federal Government is a war for the Union, for the preservation of all constitutional rights of States, and the citizens of the States in the Union. Hence no question can arise as to fugitives from service within the States and Territories in which the authorities of the Union is fully acknowledged. But he says that in the States wholly or in part under insurrectionary control, where the laws of the United States are so far opposed and resisted that they can not be effectually enforced, it is obvious that the rights dependent upon the execution of those laws must temporarily fail, and it is equally obvious that the rights dependent on the laws of the State within which military operations are conducted must be necessarily subordinate to the exigencies created by the insurrection, if not wholly forfeited by the treasonable conduct of parties claiming them. To this the general rule of right to services forms an exception. The act of Congress approved August 6, 1861, declares that if persons held to service shall be employed in hostility to the United States, the right to their services shall be forfeited, and such persons shall be discharged therefrom. It follows, he adds, of necessity, that no claim can be recognized by the military authority of the Union for the services of such persons when fugitives. With respect to the slaves of loyal masters, Mr. Cameron says that a careful record should be kept of the name and description of such fugitives, in order that Congress may provide for a just compensation for their services when peace is restored. General Butler is instructed not to permit any interference by his troops with the slaves of peaceful citizens, nor encourage them to leave the service of their masters, nor prevent the voluntary return of any fugitives to those from whom they may have escaped.

PRINCE NAPOLEON AMONG THE REBELS.

Prince Napoleon and his suite returned to Washington on Friday night, after a visit to Manassas Junction, where they were received by Generals Beauregard and Johnston, and the Prince, after passing the night of Thursday in the bed of General Beauregard, reviewed about six thousand of the rebel troops on Friday morning. He was very cordially received both by men and officers. He was pressed by Generals Beauregard and Johnston to proceed to Richmond, but he declined to go any farther South. On his visit to Manassas he was accompanied by General M'Dowell, and a body-guard of cavalry. General M'Dowell left him at Clark's Mills, but the cavalry escort, bearing a flag of truce, proceeded with the Prince to the rebel pickets stationed near Fairfax Court House, where the commanding officer, Captain Irvin, of the Virginia cavalry, met the officer in command of the Union troops, shook hands with him and took the Imperial visitor under his charge. Colonel Stuart, the commandant at Fairfax Court House, entertained the party hospitably and forwarded them to Manassas, where General Beauregard received the Prince with great courtesy, gave him a frugal supper, a soldier's bed, and an equally frugal breakfast next morning. On the return of the party to Alexandria, Generals M'Clellan and M'Dowell met them, and returned by steamer with them to Washington. With regard to the defenses at Manassas the suite of the Prince remain silent, but they describe the soldiers, whom they suppose to number sixty thousand, as ragged, dirty, and half starved.

THE TRAITORS IN BALTIMORE.

Baltimore was the scene of considerable excitement, and almost a riot, on Thursday night of last week, on the occasion of Senator Breckinridge's visit there. A number of prominent secessionists of Baltimore entertained Messrs. Breckinridge and Vallandigham with a dinner at the Eutaw House, and at the close of the entertainment Mr. Breckinridge undertook to make a speech to a considerable crowd collected outside. His appearance was the signal for a scene of the utmost confusion, in which he found it impossible to make himself heard, and he was finally compelled to retire without concluding his remarks. Several fights took place in the course of the evening, and some of the secessionists were rather roughly handled. Mr. Vallandigham was subsequently called for, but did not consider it advisable, under the circumstances, to make his appearance.

OUR LOSS AT BULL RUN.

We have full details of the losses in killed, wounded, and missing at the battle of Bull Run, furnished by the official reports of the commanders of divisions and brigades. The aggregate purports to be as follows:

	Killed.
Officers	19
Men	462
Total killed	481
	Wounded.
Officers	64
Men	947
Total wounded	1011
	Missing.
Officers	40
Men	1176
Total missing	1216
Grand total	2708

The loss of artillery amounts to seventeen rifled cannon and eight small bore guns. In ammunition the loss amounted to 150 boxes of small-arm cartridges and eighty-seven boxes of rifled cannon cartridges. Thirty boxes of old fire-arms, thirteen wagons of provisions, 2500 muskets, and 8000 knapsacks and blankets were also lost in the retreat and during the battle.

UNION PRISONERS IN THE ENEMY'S HANDS.

General M'Dowell, in his official report, places the figures of missing at 1216. The total number of prisoners in the hands of the rebels is ascertained to be 640—leaving a balance of 576 to be accounted for. Many of these are supposed to have returned to their homes; some may be working on farms in Virginia or Maryland, and many of them may yet turn up, or will be shortly published as deserters.

A TRAITOROUS PAPER PUNISHED.

The office of *The Democratic Standard*, in Concord, New Hampshire, was last week destroyed by a crowd composed of returned volunteers and citizens of the place. The paper, which had been notorious for its disunion tone, published an article reflecting on the soldiers; the crowd referred to demanded a retraction; the editors threatened to fire upon their visitors; thereupon the office was demolished. During this proceeding four pistol-shots were fired from the building, and two of the soldiers were wounded.

ARREST OF C. J. FAULKNER.

A very important arrest, on a charge of treason, was made by the Provost-Marshal in Washington on 12th, the prisoner being our late Minister to the Court of France, Charles J. Faulkner, of Virginia. It is alleged that the principal charges against him are based on acts committed in Paris—in purchasing arms for the rebel States while representing the United States Government, and endeavoring to procure the recognition of the rebel Confederacy by the Government of France. Mr. Faulkner was conveyed to jail by order of the Secretary of War, and was forbidden to hold correspondence with any one. A formal examination into his case will take place immediately. He declares that he is not cognizant of having done any thing to warrant his arrest.

WESTERN VIRGINIA TO HAVE MAILS AGAIN.

Brigadier-General Rosencranz has dispatched to the Post-office Department the following from Clarksburg, Virginia, dated August 7: "The rebels have been expelled from Kanawha. Can the mail service be resumed there?" The Department informed him that the immediate resumption of the mail service was authorized whenever it was safe, and where it could be intrusted to proper hands.

REBEL OUTRAGES IN VIRGINIA.

Accounts have reached Washington that the rebels are committing terrible outrages in that portion of Virginia around Fairfax and Centreville, which they have obtained possession of since the battle of Bull Run. Neither age, nor sex, nor infirmity is spared from insult and abuse. All those capable of bearing arms and refusing to do so are sent as prisoners to Manassas or Richmond.

A RIGHTEOUS DISPENSATION.

Nearly all of the Southern newspapers that are yet in existence have reduced their proportions and raised their price. The Charleston *News* has recently given up the ghost, and the Mobile *News*, *Advertiser*, and *Register*, are all three now merged into one concern.

PERSONAL.

David R. Atchison, formerly United States Senator from Missouri, and subsequently the great border-ruffian leader in Kansas, has been on a visit to Jeff Davis, in Richmond, and when last heard of was in Memphis.

Captain Fox, the new Assistant Secretary of the Navy, is on a visit to the New England ports on matters connected with preparations for a more efficient blockade of the ports of the Southern States.

The Albany *Evening Journal* understands, on the most undoubted authority, that Major-General John E. Wool has received orders to report himself for duty immediately at Fortress Monroe, for the purpose, undoubtedly, of assuming command of that important position.

A little piece of news has come along that suspends interest in more serious matters, and makes each man more thoughtful than usual. It is only that Patti, "little Patti," is married to a Rothschild, nephew of one of the bankers. Such a fact is occasion enough for poetry. Young bards could scarcely anticipate many such chances in a lifetime. The news comes tolerably straight, but we are not told how the new relation will affect Miss Adelina's dawning artistic career. A man who would marry off a young and charming prima donna, and seclude her in domestic shades, however respectable, is an enemy of the whole race, and to be resented by all spirited men.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

CHANGES IN THE MINISTRY.

THE contemplated changes in the British ministry were accomplished on the 25th ult., viz.: Sir G. C. Lewis to the War Department; Sir George Grey, Secretary for Home Affairs; Mr. Cardwell, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; Mr. Layard, Secretary of Foreign Affairs.

SLAVERY AND THE COTTON SUPPLY.

The British Parliament has been engaged in discussing the slavery and cotton culture questions. In the House of Commons, on the 25th, Sir C. Wood made some financial explanations relative to India, and asked for discretionary power to borrow £5,000,000 for railway purposes. He said the Government had evinced great anxiety to develop the resources of India as a cotton-producing country. He believed that the result would be that ultimately England would be rendered independent of America for cotton. This year the supply of cotton from India would be about 300,000 bales more than ever before.

FRANCE.

FRENCH SYMPATHIZERS WITH THE REBELS.

The recognition of the Southern Confederacy by France is openly advocated by the *Patrie*, of Paris; and, although that journal has just been divested of its semi-official character, its arguments were looked on as foreshadowing some new Imperial movement on the American question.

ST. DOMINGO.

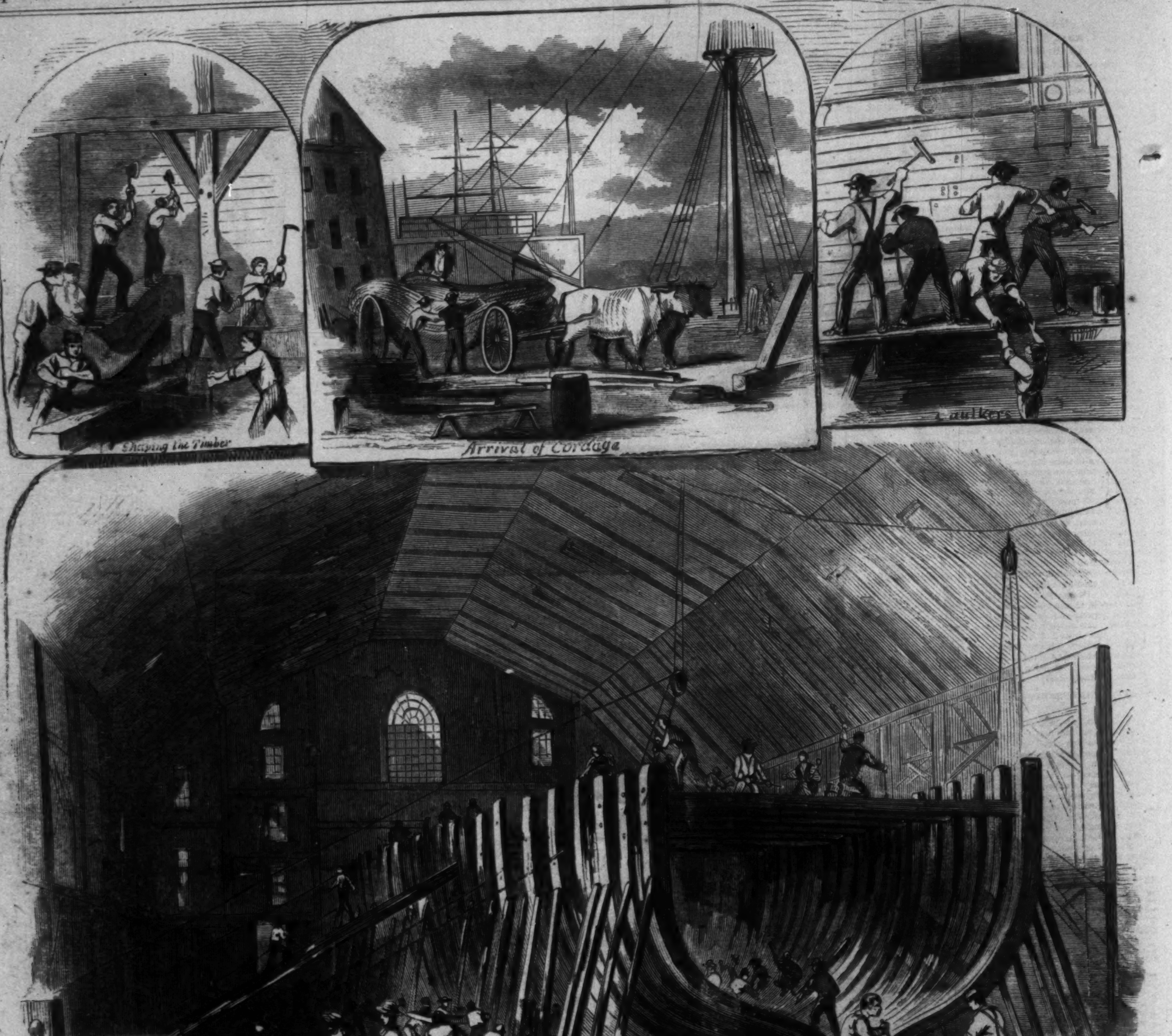
THE END OF THE WAR.

From St. Domingo we have advices to the 28th ult., stating that the war between Hayti and Spain is at an end, the difficulties between the two countries being amicably adjusted. The Spanish authorities declare slavery forever abolished in the Island, and threaten with severe penalties any person endeavoring to reinstate the system.

Captain Clark. General M'Clellan. Captain Van Vliet. Major Barry.

GENERAL M'CLELLAN AND HIS STAFF.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 535.]

SPLENDID CHARGE OF UNITED STATES CAVALRY AT THE BATTLE OF DUG SPRING, MISSOURI.—[SEE PAGE 535.]



SCENES IN THE BROOKLYN NAVY-YARD.—[SEE PAGE 535.]

GENERAL M'CLELLAN AND HIS STAFF.

On page 532 we publish a large picture of General M'Clellan and his Staff, from a group by Brady. Of General M'Clellan himself, on whom such hopes now rest, we gave a biographical sketch, with a portrait, two or three weeks since; we now borrow from the *Herald* the following memoranda of the three officers who constitute his personal staff.

MAJOR BARRY.

Major William Farquhar Barry, chief of artillery, is a native of the city of New York, and is at present about forty years of age. He entered as a cadet at West Point in September, 1834, and graduated with honors in 1838. On the 1st of July of the same year he was breveted Second Lieutenant in the Fourth Artillery, transferred to the Second Artillery, and in the same year and month appointed Assistant Commissary of Subsistence. In August, 1842, he was appointed First Lieutenant, and Captain in July, 1852.

At the breaking out of the Mexican war Major Barry was First Lieutenant, and attached to the famous Ringgold battery, doing such effective service in that campaign. When it was found that more recruits for the artillery were needed, Lieutenant Barry was at once sent to this city to recruit, and this officer being so strict in his views as regards discipline and qualification, he only accepted a ratio of about five per cent. of those who offered, while the regular infantry service accepted forty per cent. Thus Lieutenant Barry missed nearly one half of the war. When he returned to Mexico, General Worth, of New York, appointed Lieutenant Barry on his staff, which position he held until our victorious army returned to the United States.

After the war Lieutenant Barry was stationed at different posts, Fort Hamilton among the rest, where he received his commission as captain. When the troubles in Kansas broke out he was at once sent to Fort Leavenworth, where he placed himself under the command of General Harney, and remained there for several years.

On the evacuation of Fort Sumter more and efficient artillery was needed at Fort Pickens, and the most reliable man the government could select was Captain Barry, who was instantly dispatched to that post, until it was reinforced by the energy of Colonel E. D. Keyes. On the 5th of July Barry and his battery left Fort Pickens in the steamer *Cahawba;* arrived at New York on Sunday, the 14th; left that same evening by special train to Washington; made a requisition for extra horses while there, and joined the grand army of General M'Dowell on Wednesday, the 17th, at five o'clock P.M., about two hours after our troops had taken possession of Fairfax Court House and Fairfax Junction. Major Barry was assigned to the Fifth Division, commanded by Colonel Dixon S. Miles, and proceeding in that column to Centreville.

Major Barry was appointed on the staff of General M'Dowell, and acted as chief of artillery during the encampment at and about Centreville and on the day of the battle. His battery, in the mean time, was in command of Captain J. C. Tidball, kept as a reserve, with Colonel Miles's column, between Centreville and the extreme left, where Hunt's and Green's batteries were playing on the enemy to prevent General M'Dowell's troops from being attacked in the rear.

CAPTAIN STEWART VAN VLIET, ASSISTANT QUARTER-MASTER-GENERAL.

Captain Van Vliet is a native of New York, and about forty-two years of age. He entered the West Point Academy as cadet in 1836, graduated 1840, and was breveted Second Lieutenant in the Third Artillery, July 1, 1840. In November, 1843, he was promoted to a First Lieutenancy, and acted as Professor of Mathematics at the Military Academy until November, 1847. In February, 1847, he was appointed Regimental Quarter-master, and subsequently Assistant Quarter-master. June 4, 1847, Lieutenant Van Vliet was promoted to a Captaincy, but still acting as Quarter-master. Under the administration of President Buchanan, during the disturbances at Utah, Captain Van Vliet was sent as a special commissioner. There being no regular conveyances, the Captain was compelled to ride on horseback all the way, alone and unattended. He accomplished his journey to Great Salt Lake City in an uncommon short time, and his famous ride was the subject of comment with every body. In President Buchanan's message to Congress on the subject which took Captain Van Vliet to the Mormon territory, the Commissioner was honorably mentioned as "Major Van Vliet."

On his return from Utah he was appointed Assistant Quarter-master-General at Leavenworth, which position he held until called upon by General M'Clellan to act in the same capacity on his own staff. From the previous career of Captain Van Vliet the brightest anticipations of the future may be made; and it is safe to assert that the Quarter-master's Department could hardly have been intrusted in better hands, and speaks volumes for the wise selection of the popular young commander of the Department of Virginia.

CAPTAIN HENRY FRANCIS CLARK, ASSISTANT COMMISSARY GENERAL.

Captain Clark was born in the old Keystone State, about the year 1820, and is at present in the neighborhood of forty years of age. He entered at West Point, from Pennsylvania, in 1839, graduated in 1842, was breveted Second Lieutenant in 1843, and ordered in active service to the Second Artillery. Captain Clark went through the entire Mexican campaign, and in the official dispatches he was particularly mentioned as having greatly distinguished himself in the battle of Monterey, with Duncan's battery in the battle of Churubusco, and was wounded at the battle of El Molino. In September, 1847, he was promoted to First Lieutenant, and on the 13th of September he received the brevet of Captain "for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Chapultepec." In July, 1848, Captain Clark was appointed Assistant Instructor of artillery and cavalry in the Military Academy at West Point, which position he held for a long time afterward.

THE NAVY-YARD AT BROOKLYN.

We devote page 534 to illustrations of the Navy-yard at Brooklyn, which is at present a scene of remarkable activity. The *Evening Post* thus describes the work that is going on:

Nearly twenty-five hundred men are now employed at the Brooklyn Navy-yard, and the number is constantly increasing. At the present rate three thousand men will soon be engaged there; a greater number, perhaps, than were ever before employed within its walls. One year ago the number was less than one thousand. It will be seen, therefore, that the necessities of a state of war have given employment, in this department alone, to many hundreds—probably soon to be extended to thousands—of mechanics, who would otherwise be out of work and their families suffering.

There is on every hand the greatest activity. The whole force of the yard is not engaged in the work of fitting out vessels. On the contrary, but few war ships are at present in the hands of the workmen. Two only are building, the *Oneida* and *Adirondack*, of which the keels are scarcely laid. The former will be of about 1300 tons, and the latter somewhat larger, rating with the sloop-of-war *Brooklyn*. Four or five vessels in all are fitting out, and the work upon them is pushed with the greatest rapidity.

A vast amount of work seems to have been laid out and to be in progress in the different departments which manufacture supplies for the navy. Much forging and blacksmith, tinwork, and coopering is going on. Quantities of ordinary ship's stores are constantly accumulating to supply the extraordinary demands of the present and future; the vast military stores which lie about in every direction are preparing for use, and workmen are engaged in brushing up and fitting with sights the great cannon which are ranged in rows along the main avenue of the yard. The scene is one of the most curious as well as the busiest which has ever been witnessed in that locality.

The steam sloop of war *Richmond*, which arrived from the Mediterranean on the 3d of July, has been refitted, and is nearly ready to join the blockading squadron. A portion of her armament, which is very heavy—consisting of sixteen 9-inch Dahlgren guns, carrying shot, shell, or canister—has been put on board. It is possible that two other guns of a different class and one or two rifled pieces will be added. The vessel is pierced for twenty-eight guns, but could not carry so great a number. She is a first-class vessel of nearly 2000 tons, and will be a valuable addition to our blockading service. It is intended to get her off to-morrow, but probably she will not be ready. Her complement of men is 350, and she will have an extra number of marines on going again into commission. Her officers are: Captain, John Pope; Lieutenants, N. C. Bryant, A. B. Cummings, Albert Boyd, Jun.; Master, Edward Terry; Paymaster, George F. Culter; Surgeon, A. Henderson; Chief Engineer, John W. Moore.

The gun-boat *Harriet Lane* is also refitting at the yard, and will be ready to sail in a day or two. Her armament is on board.

The *Connecticut* (steamship) will have her armament and be ready to sail in a few days. She will be armed with four heavy 32-pounders and one rifled 18-pounder. The last will be placed on the forecastle-deck. She is 1900 tons burden, with very heavy steam power, and will be employed in the transport service in connection with our blockading fleet, making trips monthly. She is to be the consort of the *Rhode Island*, which recently sailed.

The *Potomac*, a sailing vessel carrying fifty guns, is also fitting out, and will be ready in ten days.

In about a month four coaling vessels will be prepared to enter upon their work in supplying our squadron. The vessels have been procured, but it is understood that the refitting has not been commenced.

The *Iroquois*, which has been in search of the privateer *Jeff Davis*, sailed from the Navy-yard yesterday.

Several United States vessels are in the stream, among them the *Vixen*, *Varina*, and *Crawford*.

Several of these vessels have gone to sea since the above was written.

THE BATTLE OF DUG SPRINGS.

On page 533 will be found an illustration of the Brilliant Charge of the United States Cavalry attached to General Lyon's Army upon an enormous force of rebel infantry, at the Battle of Dug Springs, on 1st August. The dispatch from Springfield, Missouri, dated August 2, says:

On Thursday news reached here that the enemy were advancing on us, in three columns, with a force numbering 20,000 men. General Lyon immediately set out to meet them with the Second and Third Missouri regiments from this city, the First and Second Kansas regiments, and the First Iowa regiment; also with two or three companies of regular infantry and two or three companies of regular cavalry from Camp M'Clellan. About twelve miles west of here General Lyon encamped that evening, on Tyrel Creek, and on Friday advanced to Dug Springs, about nineteen miles southwest of Springfield, where he obtained intelligence of the enemy.

A fight took place between four and six o'clock that afternoon. A party of two hundred and seventy of General Lyon's cavalry, as previously reported, were crossing a ridge of high land, partially inclosed on the east by a valley, and, when descending the hill, came upon a large force of the enemy's infantry, variously estimated at from two thousand to four thousand, and being unable to retreat, they charged and cut their way through with the loss of only five men. The lieutenant commanding the cavalry was killed, after killing eight of the rebels. Meantime the enemy appeared in large numbers moving along the valley, but they were put to flight by our artillery. Our infantry was not engaged. The rebels retreated southward, to a place called M'Cullough's Store, on the Fayetteville Road.

The number of rebels found dead on the field amounted to forty, and some forty-four wounded were picked up.

The correspondent of the *Herald* thus describes the affair:

About nine in the morning, after a march of seven miles, a picket guard of some fifty mounted men was seen, and a shell was thrown among them as a gentle reminder that the Union troops were around. They at once made good time toward the main body, some two miles ahead. Near a place called Dug Spring, about nineteen miles from Springfield, our advanced pickets met those of the enemy and exchanged a few shots. Our cavalry formed in line at the right of the road, and Captain Steele, with two companies of infantry, took the left. Captain Plummer, with three companies of First Infantry, supported by Captain Tatten's battery, held the centre. The enemy was posted in a wood crowning a gentle slope, and covering it to the foot, where the road for half a mile ran through a valley between low hills, or rather "swells" of land, covered with a scanty growth of oak bushes, from one to five feet in height, interspersed with a few small trees. As the rebels' position and numbers were concealed by the wood, General Lyon did not deem it prudent to advance the column within range, as a masked battery might at any moment open upon it with considerable effect, while at the same time our strength would avail us nothing.

For upward of an hour nothing was done save the exchanging of a few shots among the pickets, and at length General Lyon gave the order for the column to fall back and encamp in the vicinity of the spring. This movement was considered by the rebels to be a retreat, and as soon as we were in motion their cavalry made its appearance from the wood and passed to the front of a corn-field which covered their extreme left. Their number was not far from four hundred, and they formed in a solid square preparatory to charging. Just as they were on the point of rushing forward, Captain Totten sent a twelve pound shell from his favorite howitzer; but the elevation was too great and the missile passed over its mark. A half minute later another shell followed with better success, bursting directly in the centre of the cavalry and emptying some twenty saddles. The whole body made a retreat for the timber in "precipitous and tumultuous haste."

Captain Steele was still on the left, and a body of nearly eight hundred infantry, with a few mounted men, came forward from the enemy's right with the evident intention of engaging and surrounding the Captain's two companies. Company C, of First cavalry, was in the rear (lately front), near Captain Steele and Lieutenant M. J. Kelly, with twenty men from this company, made a Balaklava charge right in the face of the bullets and bayonets of the whole rebel infantry. Four of the twenty were killed and six were wounded, but they succeeded in breaking the infantry and putting them to flight. Four horses were wounded so badly that it was necessary to kill them—one receiving nine, and another eleven rifle balls. One of the men—Sergeant Sullivan—received three terrible, though not fatal, wounds. As he was falling from his horse he waved his sabre, and shouted "Hurrah for the old Stars and Stripes!" When brought to camp he seemed to forget his wounds in his joy at having struck a blow for the Union. One of the enemy's wounded inquired of Lieutenant Kelly, with great earnestness,

"Are your cavalry men or devils?"

The lieutenant replied that it was possible they might be a composition of both.

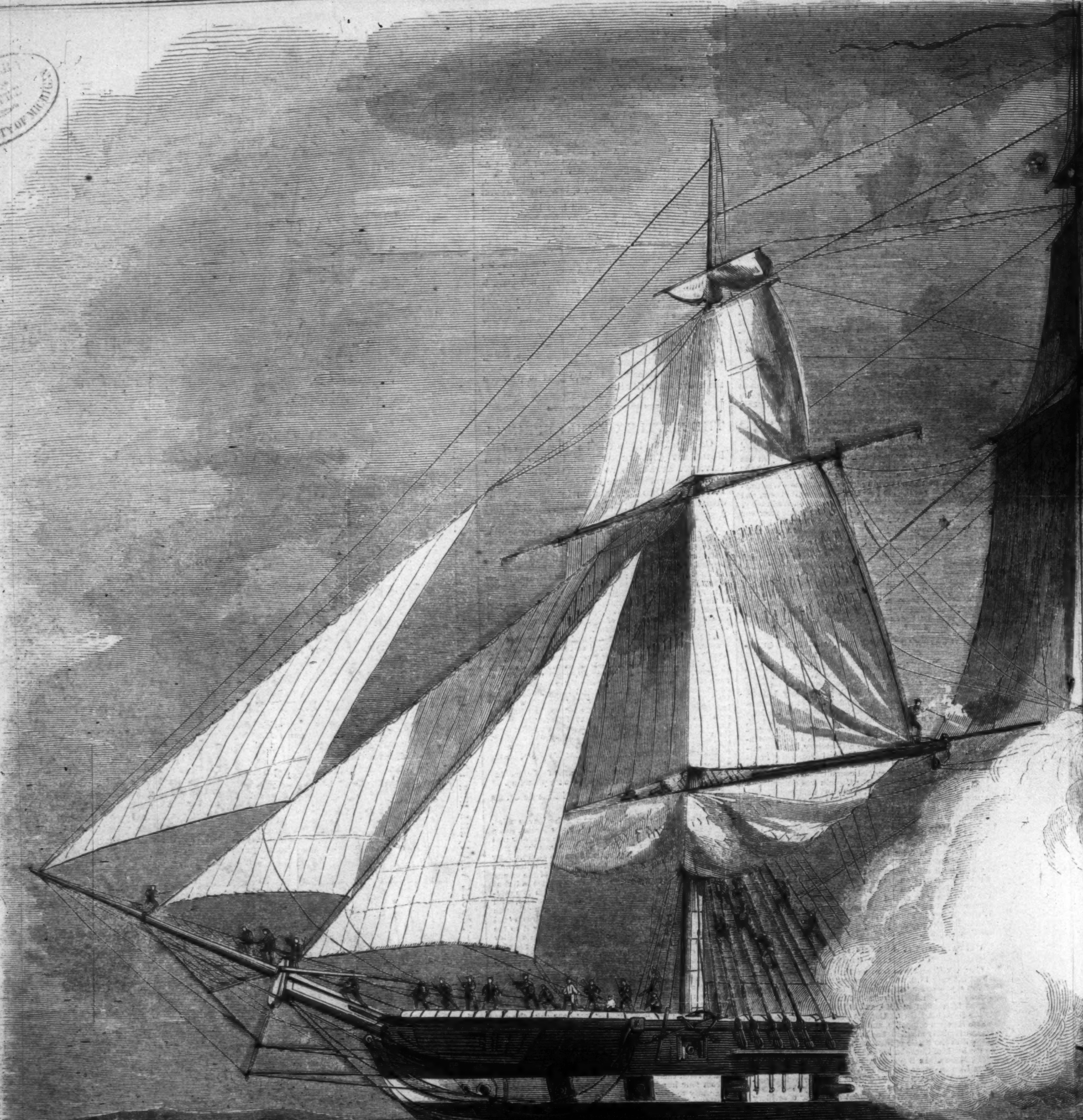
"Well," said the man, "we can't stand such a charge as that. You can whip us all out if you've got a decent army of such soldiers."

One of our wounded, a private named Jacobs, who was captured by the rebels, was knocked from his horse while a prisoner by a blow from a musket, and left for dead. He was found on the field the next morning and carefully attended to. He will probably recover.

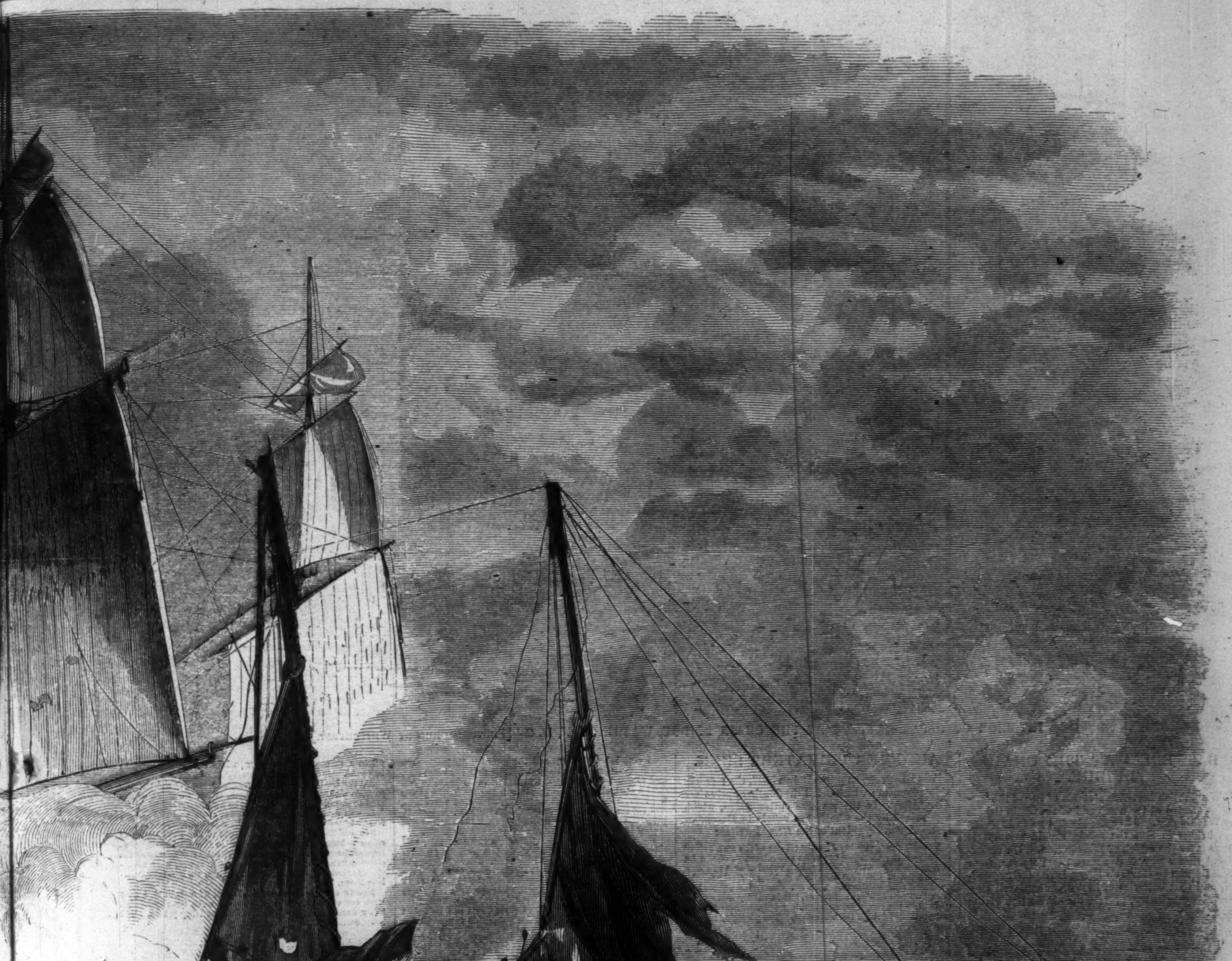
The enemy did not again appear that day, and the command encamped and passed the night in quiet. The utmost care was taken to prevent a surprise during the night by posting pickets in all directions, and arranging the camp with special reference to a defense in the darkness. Major Sturgis was particularly active at all hours, and if the enemy had made an attack they would have met a warm reception.

CAMP WARREN, BURLINGTON, IOWA, THE RENDEZVOUS FOR THE IOWA TROOPS.—[Sketched by A. Simplot.]

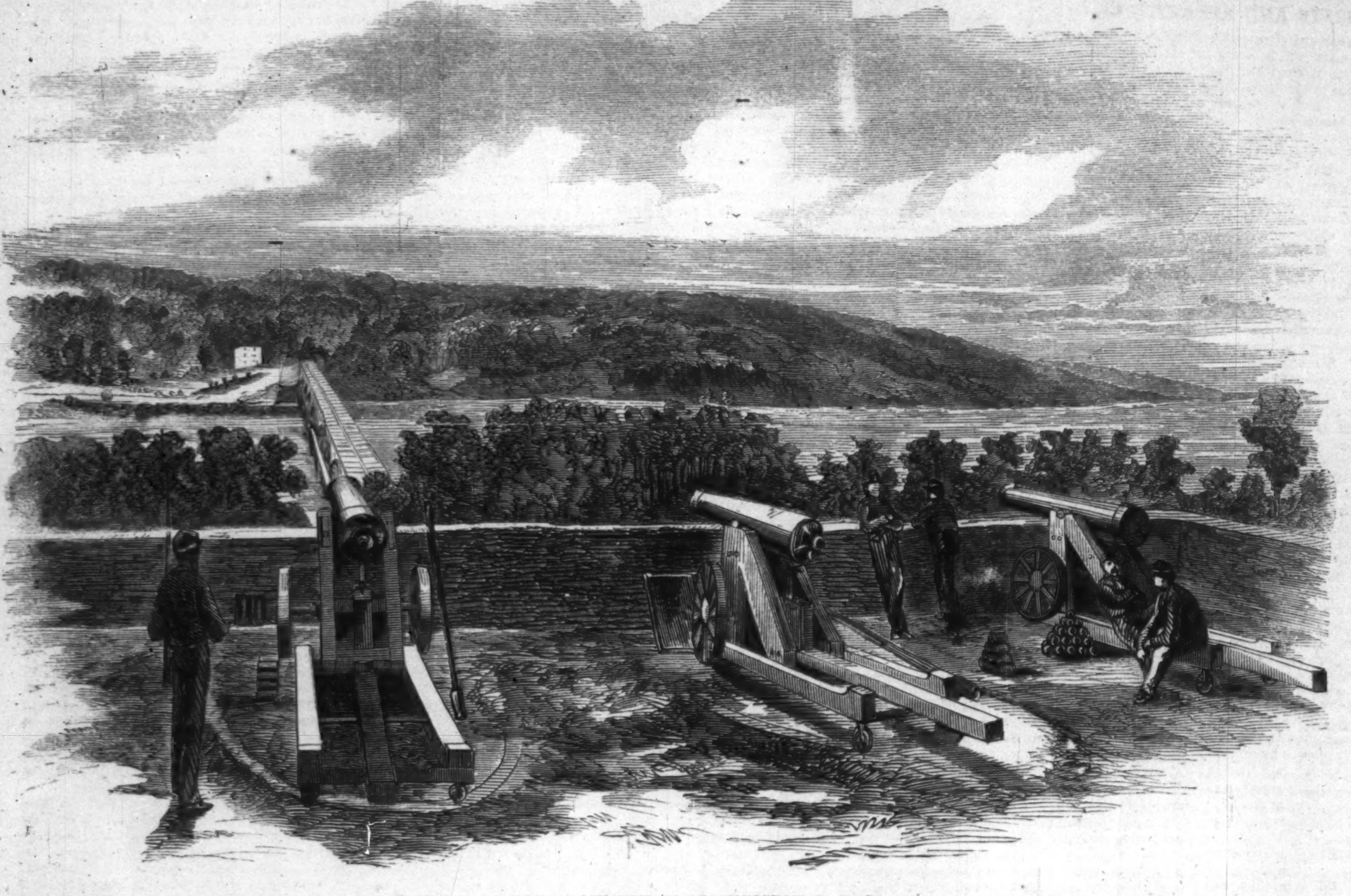
LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



THE UNITED STATES FRIGATE "ST. LAWRENCE" SINKING THE



THE PRIVATEER "PETREL" AT SEA, AUGUST 1, 1861.—[See Page 538.]



INTERIOR OF UPPER BATTERY AT THE CHAIN BRIDGE, WASHINGTON, D. C.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY WHITEHURST.]

BATTERIES AT THE CHAIN BRIDGE.

WE publish herewith pictures of two of the batteries erected at the north end of the Chain Bridge at Washington. They are planted so as to sweep the bridge in case the rebels should attempt to cross it for the attack of Washington. We understand that every ford across the Potomac, from Washington to Harper's Ferry, is similarly guarded, and that batteries of heavy cannon, well supported by infantry, protect the whole line of the river.

ANOTHER PRIVATEER SUNK.

WE illustrate, on pages 536 and 537, the remarkable adventure which befell the Southern privateer *Petrel*, formerly the revenue cutter *Aiken*, which was seized by the Charleston rebels in December last. A correspondent of the *Herald* writes:

The *St. Lawrence* lay directly off one of the small shoal islands on the Carolina coast, on the afternoon of the 1st of August, when a trim-built, rakish vessel of war was seen coming out of Charleston harbor, making directly for the supposed merchantman. The *St. Lawrence* affected to crowd all sail and get out to sea, but in reality was edging close in to the stranger, and making preparations to open the ports and deluge her with shot. The pirate's deck was seen crowded with men, and the gunners distinctly seen ramming and pointing the guns. She flew the rebel flag, and shouted twice for the merchantman to heave to and send a boat aboard. No response being made, the pirate fired three shots in quick succession—the first two ahead and the third directly over the deck of the *St. Lawrence*, the grape and canister whistling through the rigging and falling in dangerous proximity to some of the officers.

Then the *St. Lawrence* threw up her port lids, and showed in a moment the tiers of cannon with the gunners at the breech holding lighted matches. Scarcely a second intervened when a shock that shook the sea and made the ship tremble in all her timbers broke from the guns, and when the smoke cleared away the waves where the pirate stood were seen full of drift-wood and swimming men.

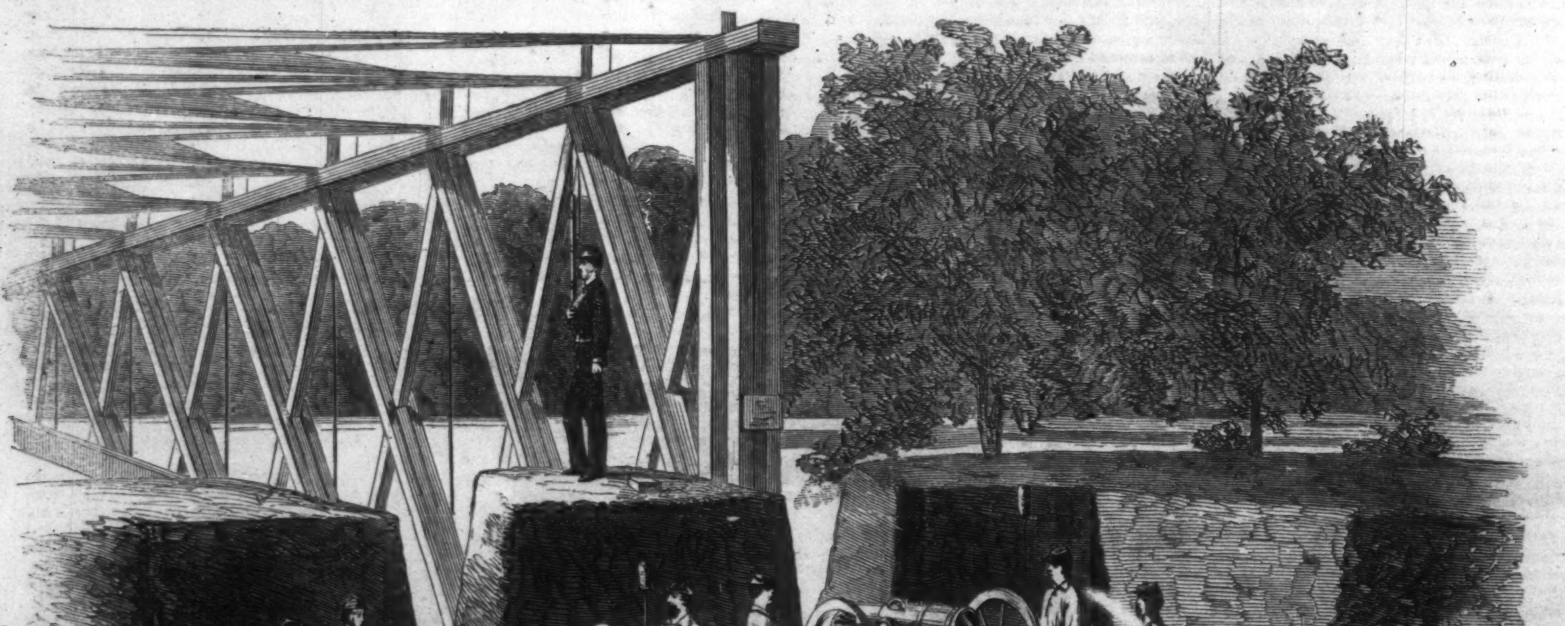
She had been literally cut to pieces, and one ball that knocked a hole in the bow at the water line caused her to fill in a moment and go down, while a shell exploded in her hold.

All the boats of the *St. Lawrence* were put out and the seamen picked up. Five of them, either wounded or unable to swim, went down with the hulk.

It was found that the audacious craft was the *Petrel*, formerly the *General Aiken*, a U. S. revenue cutter.

Some of the men, when fished out of the water, were at a loss to know what had happened to them. The suddenness of the *St. Lawrence's* reply, the deafening roar of the guns and the splinters and submerged vessel, were all incidents that happened in less time than we can take to relate them.

Nearly all the crew are Irishmen, who state that they were out of work. The pirate crew were heavily ironed. They were lodged to-night in Moyamensing prison. The *St. Lawrence* was slightly damaged.



INTERIOR OF LOWER BATTERY AT THE CHAIN BRIDGE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY WHITEHURST.]

GHOSTS AND APPARITIONS.

APPARITIONS often spring from some physical derangement, which, acting on the sight, causes one to see things which really do not exist, and sometimes to hear sounds which have not in reality vibrated. Bodily weakness, a disordered state of health, loss of blood, will often produce organic deceptions of this class.

A lady-friend of mine told me a curious instance of this, which happened to her own maid. The young woman, who was subject to inflammation of the lungs, had generally to be leeched when these attacks came on. Frequently after the loss of blood she would see persons and things which she knew perfectly at the time could not be real. During the Crimean war she and her mistress were residing in a hotel in Constantinople, and the maids' work-room, which was a very small one, was at the top of the house, while the bedrooms were below. The door of this room did not fasten very well—no uncommon occurrence in Turkish hotels. She often missed little articles, such as cottons, scissors, and so forth, and naturally wished to discover by whom they were taken. One day, while weak from recent illness and loss of blood, she went up stairs to fetch something for her mistress, and on entering the room perceived a man seated on a corner of the sofa. Her first thought was that she had caught the thief in the act; but the next moment, perceiving the illusion, and determining to overcome it, she walked straight up to the place where the man seemed to be, with his eyes fixed on her. As she approached the figure appeared to glide along the sofa without rising or taking its eyes from her, until, reaching the other corner, it remained stationary there. She then went up to it, and, putting her hand where the head seemed to be, brought it violently down on the sofa. Although assured of the deception she hurried, pale and trembling, back to her mistress, to whom she recounted the adventure.

There are other causes, however, for such apparitions. The early training of young children has often much to do with them. A child who has been often frightened by threats of Bogie, will have its mind so filled with a dread of visits from supernatural beings, that the feeling may cling to it in a certain measure, against better sense, and against all reasoning and experience, all through life.

The following story, however, has always been a mystery to me. The more I have thought of it, the more unaccountable it has always appeared. It seems impossible to assign a cause for the catastrophe with which it winds up. It is from a source absolutely incapable of misleading, and exceedingly unlikely to be misled:

"It is about thirty years since the events occurred which I am about to relate to you," writes the friend who has set the story down for me, "but so deep was the impression which they made on my mind that it almost seems to me as though the time should be counted by months rather than years.

"I was then a young officer in one of those regiments which had borne the brunt of the earlier part of the war in the Peninsula, and which, being greatly reduced in numbers, were first formed into provisional battalions, and ultimately directed to return home. We were none of us over well pleased with this arrangement; neither was our great chief, who knew the value of veteran troops, and considered the provisional battalions among the best of his army. But there was no help for it; and so, like good soldiers who know that their first duty is obedience, we received the order with little murmuring, and prepared to obey it.

"It was necessary to convey us for a brief space to the rear, until transports should be ready; and few in number as we were, it was further necessary to do so in detachments. I went with several others in the direction of the village which had been pointed out to us on the route, and good fun we made of each other on the way. Among my comrades was a fellow named Harrison, a kind-hearted, amiable lad, full of fun and even mischief, yet firm and unflinching in principle, and ever an honorable gentleman. As to higher considerations than even these, we were all careless and reckless enough, thinking of nothing so much as how we might best amuse ourselves. Harrison was a prime favorite in our corps. He was young and handsome, well-knit, and capable of enduring any amount of fatigue. I loved him as if he had been my brother, and we were inseparable.

"Well! My party and I, after wandering about for a while, reached at length a small and beautiful village. It was situated in a valley, and was surrounded by trees, and shrubs, and plants of many kinds. Orange and olive, pomegranate and fig tree, all filled the air with their delicious fragrance. There were mountains, too, in the distance, adding beauty to the scene, and on a little eminence close to the village stood an old half-ruined monastery, partly covered with ivy and wild passion-flower, and adorned by a plantation of beautiful trees. On one side of the monastery lay a lovely little lake, by the margin of which Harrison and I often afterward wandered together in the cool hours of the evening.

"Immediately on reaching the village our attention was attracted to the old monastery, and we all pronounced it to be the place of all others in which to quarter both officers and men. Accordingly the few monks who still inhabited it were with no small difficulty persuaded to move out, and we very unceremoniously took their places. Tired by the toil of the day, I had sat down, with one or two others, to rest under one of the large olive-trees, when an old monk, whom I had noticed hovering about the place ever since his companions left, approached us. His silver hair and beard streamed over his brown serge dress; but there was a fierce light in his eye which age had not quenched. He shook his head gravely as he came near, and holding up his hand, said, 'Signor, you will repent that ever you came here; you will find no rest day nor night in this place. San Francesco guards his servants with jealous care, and you will call down his just wrath for desecrating this sanctuary. None ever offend him yet go unpunished. Remember my words, Signor; they are not vain words.'

"The old man crossed himself two or three times, and then hurried down by the wooded path which led into the valley, leaving us rather surprised, but of course not alarmed. Harrison laughed; we all laughed, finally resumed our conversation, and forgot all about the monk.

"Our next step was to make arrangements for getting supplies from the country people of the neighborhood, and on the whole we considered ourselves snugly and romantically disposed of for some weeks to come. For besides the beautiful rides and walks within our reach, we had the assurance of good fishing in the lake, and shooting in the woods; and what with rides and walks, and fishing and shooting, and occasional dances with the village girls, time was not likely to hang heavy on our hands.

"Matters did not, however, turn out exactly as we had anticipated. It happened one day as I was going round inspecting the rooms, that I noticed that the men were collected into knots of two and three, rather excited, and talking earnestly together; many of them forgot to give me the usual salute as I passed, and the expressions on their faces were new and strange and perplexing to me. I said nothing, and pretended to notice nothing unusual, but went round thinking that perhaps the men had had some slight misunderstanding with the Spaniards, who, though they received us kindly at first, had shown themselves to be violent and quick-tempered. I finished my rounds, and was returning to [illegible] when I heard a quick step behind me. The sergeant of our company came up, and touching his cap, begged to say a few words to me when I was at leisure.

"'I am quite at leisure now,' I said; 'what do you want?'

"'Well, Sir,' he began, with some embarrassment, clearing his throat two or three times, 'I am sorry to trouble you, but did you observe, Sir, how odd the men were just now, as you went round their room?'

"'I did observe something unusual, but thought it best to take no notice for this once. What is the matter with the men?'

"'Well, Sir,' continued the sergeant, his embarrassment growing greater, 'it does seem rather ridiculous, and yet it is true. The fact is, Sir (for it is no use mincing the matter), the men declare they have seen a ghost passing through their room for two nights past, and they swear they won't sleep there again.'

"'A ghost!' I repeated, with a stare of amazement at the man, half doubting whether he were in his right senses. 'What humbug is this, sergeant? Let me hear no more of it. If ghosts were realities—which they are not—I should be ashamed of the men if they could be afraid of ghosts.'

"The sergeant said no more, but, touching his cap, turned and withdrew, while I slowly pursued my way. I had looked upon the matter as nonsense, I had treated it lightly, and been almost angry at the silliness of the tale; yet it had left a deeper impression upon me than I liked, or chose to admit to myself. Was this a dim, vague presentiment of what was to come? Perhaps it was.

"I was half angry with myself for harboring the feeling, and determined to shake it off. I entered a room where two or three of my companions were assembled, and recounted what had passed between me and the sergeant. They all laughed, and declared that I had done quite right in forbidding any thing more to be said on the subject.

"The monastery consisted of three buildings: one long front building and two wings. The right wing formed the chapel, and the other contained the rooms and cells once occupied by the monks. In the centre of these buildings was a large court-yard, from which you passed into the garden, and thence descended into the valley beneath, planted with trees and shrubs. The court-yard was quite empty, save that a fountain stood in the centre; an arrangement not unusual in southern countries.

"The day passed as other days had passed; some fished, some lounged about doing nothing, Harrison and I wandered away from the rest taking our guns with us, and did not return until late in the evening. We had been more than usually joyous, and I had almost forgotten the occurrence of the morning, when, on entering the court-yard of the monastery, we were surprised to perceive the men's blankets all arranged in order round the yard. Before either of us had time to make a remark, the sergeant who had spoken to me before came up, and without further preface informed me that, the night being extremely hot, the men had brought out their blankets to sleep in the open air, as they could not be persuaded to receive another visit in their room from their midnight intruder. I made no objection to their preferring the cool air to the stifling heat of their room, and at dinner it was quietly arranged that a few of us should not go to bed at the usual time, but should remain up to watch.

"It was a clear, bright night. Beautiful as nights can be only in southern climates. I had seldom seen any thing more striking than that grim old monastery, with its turrets and belfries, its grated windows and massive iron portals, and its large surrounding trees, standing out clear and distinct under the rays of a full moon. And beyond it, about half a mile off, lay the small lake, calm and quiet beneath the branches of the graceful trees which grew on its edge, and bent their slender boughs into its water. Upon its smooth surface the heavens were reflected; each particular star looking down upon its image.

"A few of the officers, including Harrison and myself, had gone into the court-yard about eleven o'clock, determined to wait there until the clock struck one, and then, if nothing appeared, return quietly to our rooms. The men had all lain down, but I am sure there was not one of them asleep; not a light was to be seen any where about the building, for at an appointed hour they had been all put out. Growing tired of waiting for the ghost in vain, Harrison and I walked up and down the yard, the others following our example; and we were already thinking of going in, when, as the clock struck half past twelve, Harrison suddenly stopped short, touched my arm, and without saying a word pointed toward the chapel. His movement had been noticed by the rest, and all eyes were immediately turned in that direction, when we perceived issuing from one of the windows overlooking the yard a faint greenish light. We said nothing, but drawing to one side, stood still. In a few moments we saw emerging from the same window a white spectral figure, holding in its right hand a small lamp, evidently the source of the strange light which had attracted our notice. The apparition moved slowly along over the beds of the men, though evidently its feet did not rest upon any thing, and looked at them all as it passed; then, reaching our group, it turned its gaze upon us for a moment, and disappeared through the left wing of the building.

"A dead silence succeeded; we were all too much astonished to speak, and we looked at one another. Then the silence was broken by a murmur of triumph among the men, and we were obliged to acknowledge that we had seen their ghost, and could not account for it. Various surmises and conjectures were broached, and we determined to discover what the ghost was.

"Next day we were all astir early, and every room in the old monastery was examined; not a corner but was thoroughly searched. Up and down, right and left, above ground, and in the vaults below, not a place but re-echoed the tread of our footsteps; yet nowhere could we discover any trace of our strange visitor. You may imagine whether we searched the chapel through and through. Seeing nothing that gave the faintest clew to the mystery, we sent for masons from the village, and had the chapel doors walled up. The windows were all barred and bolted, and we hoped that we had most effectually shut out, or shut in, the ghost.

"The day passed much as usual, except that we awaited the evening with much anxiety, which increased as the time for taking up our watch approached. This time all the officers remained up to keep watch together. Slowly the hours passed over until the great clock struck twelve. Then we stood ready and intent, awaiting the next stroke. Half past twelve, a quarter to one, and we were beginning to congratulate ourselves on having effectually walled up the ghost when the pale green light of the previous night again became visible. It shone through the same window as before, and presently, bars and bolts giving way, the window flew open, and the spectral figure, with the lamp in its hand, stepped out into the air. It followed the same course as it had taken previously, and in the same manner; with only this difference, that it paused for a moment in its progress over the beds of five or six of the men, and breathed a sort of infernal hiss into each of their faces. Again it came close to us, and then vanished. We were petrified; all our precautions had availed us nothing, and that this time the dread apparition had emitted sounds sufficiently audible to be heard by us, who were some distance.

"What was to be done next?

"'Whatever this is,' said Harrison, while his lips curled slightly with contempt, 'I am determined to drive it from this place. We must not allow ourselves to be frightened. Since I was a child I have been taught to reject ghosts, and I have no belief in ghosts. To-morrow night, if this thing appears, we must give chase. You will help me?' he added, turning to me.

"Of course I promised to stand by him, though more than doubtful of our doing any good. It was agreed that on the following night we, the officers, should divide into two parties, one standing at the right wing, the other at the left; and that we should both rush on this mysterious appearance at the same time, and by closing in upon it render escape impossible. In this plan the men joined most heartily.

"We were not cowards, yet, I confess it, the sight of this strangely mysterious apparition, with its unearthly light, had made my blood run cold, while the looks of my companions had proved that they liked it as little as I did.

"Again night arrived, and again we took post in the court-yard, waiting for the accustomed hour. Our hearts beat faster when we saw the now well-known green light appearing at the chapel window. Slowly the white figure passed over the men's beds, holding up its pale lamp; and I remarked, with something like a shudder, that it uttered the same diabolical hiss to the same six men as on the previous night. At a signal we rushed forward from both sides and closed in. The spectre seemed to understand our attempt, gave one of its fearful hisses into Harrison's very face, and then we saw it walking (so it seemed) above our heads; and it vanished over the monastery.

"Without a word from any one—for we were all too much horrified to speak—we re-entered the house, and sought our rooms. Harrison and I occupied a room together, and, as we went into it, I remarked that his face and lips were ashy pale.

"'For Heaven's sake,' he said, in a voice so hollow that it made me start, 'never speak of this thing again, and let us leave this place as soon as possible.'

"We went to bed, but did not sleep. The apparition was constantly before my eyes, while his hiss seemed still ringing in my ears. I could hear, by the restless tossing of my companion, that he, too, shared my vigils. At length, after some weary hours, I fell asleep, and when I awoke, late in the morning, I was pleased and relieved to see Harrison sleeping soundly.

"We all met at breakfast; but as if by one consent, seemed to avoid the subject of the apparition. I had serious thoughts of leaving the village, and seeking for billets elsewhere, only it was difficult, now that all our arrangements were made, to leave the place; not to speak of the embarrassment of explaining such an unusual proceeding. We agreed to remain where we were for a few days longer, in the hope that the order to march for Lisbon would soon arrive. I do not know that an immediate removal from the monastery would have effected any change in the catastrophe of the story, except, perhaps, in some of its details; but I greatly regretted at the time, and can not but regret to this day, that we did not devise some pretext to escape from that terrible place.

"We kept no more watch for the ghost, and three nights passed by without any report being made from the men of its reappearance.

"One sunny afternoon—it was either the fourth or the fifth day after the last appearance of the apparition—Harrison, and two other officers, set out on horseback for a neighboring point of interest. It was a glorious day, and we were all in capital spirits, which seemed to be shared by our horses, for they carried us lightly and swiftly along. Harrison had a beautiful horse—a noble animal—a light chestnut, and as quiet and gentle a horse as ever man rode. It was the pride of its master and the admiration of the regiment. We had ridden about a mile or more from the abbey, and were pausing to look at the view, which was very fine, when we perceived an orderly coming toward us. He wanted to speak to Harrison, and as our horses were impatient we rode on slowly before, leaving Harrison to overtake us when his business was done.

"'What on earth can be keeping Harrison?' said one of my companions, after a time; 'we shall lose our ride.'

"'Perhaps he had to turn back,' I replied. 'We had better ride on; mounted as he is, he will soon come up with us.'

"We rode on, expecting every moment to see him arrive, yet no sound of his horse's feet reached us; and so time passed, and he came not. At any other time I would have thought nothing of it, except that pressing business must have obliged him to return to the monastery; but the disagreeable occurrences of the previous week had rendered me unable to rid myself of a certain dim, vague presentiment of evil to come. Often and often since then have I reproached myself for not having obeyed its warning voice!

"A sudden turn in the road widened the prospect before us, and we stopped again to wait for Harrison, and to admire the spreading country around. About two hundred yards from us, toward the abbey, was the lake already mentioned. We had not reined up many minutes when, in a voice of wonder and alarm, one of my companions exclaimed,

"'There's Harrison! Good God! what is he about?'

"We all looked in the direction to which he pointed, and saw Harrison galloping at full speed along the path which girded the lake. The reins were loose upon the horse's neck; the rider's hat had fallen off, and his hair, blown about by the wind, gave a wild appearance to his face. Before many seconds had elapsed the horse gave a sudden swerve, and galloped straight into the lake. The waters gurgled for a moment, and then both horse and rider disappeared!

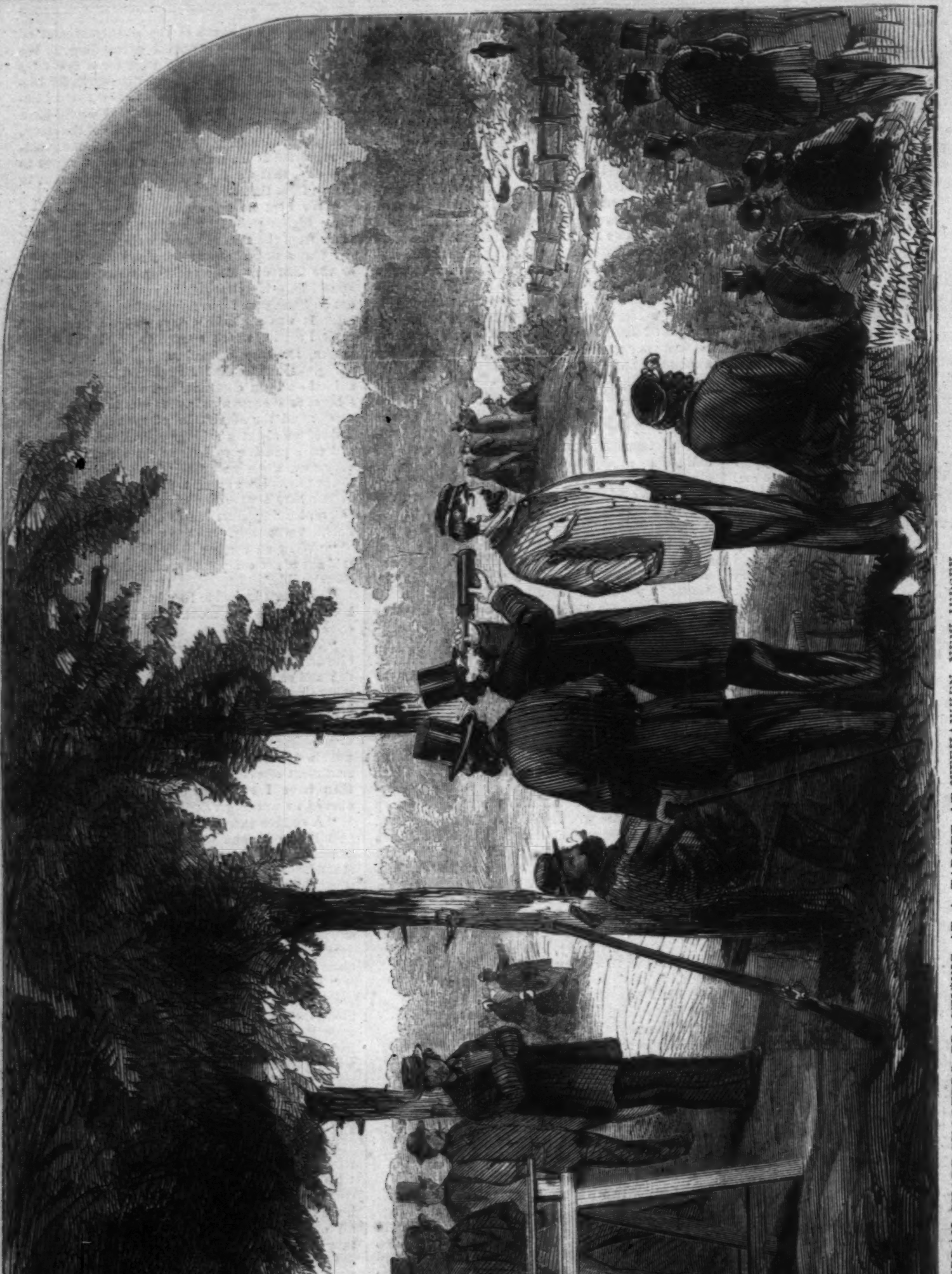
"A few minutes brought us to the monastery, where we gave the alarm, and the men turned out with ropes and poles and such rude drags as they could lay hold upon. Not a trace of Harrison or his horse could be discerned, and for a full hour all our efforts to discover the exact spot where they had sunk proved fruitless. At last one of our drags struck upon some object, and first the horse and then Harrison himself was pulled to shore. Both were dead, of course; but never, to my own dying day, shall I forget the peculiar expression that overshadowed my friend's pale face. It was one of such fearful agony, such intense anguish, that my heart sickened, and though not a word was said by those around me, I could perceive that all were equally struck and confounded by it. More dreadfully painful and mysterious still was the horror depicted over the face of the horse.

"Slowly and sadly the body of Harrison was brought home and laid on the bed he had so lately occupied in life. As we undressed him I found in his bosom a small miniature likeness. It was the picture of a fair young face; I knew whose face, for Harrison had confided his happiness to me. I bent over my friend, and cutting off a lock of his dark hair, I wound it gently round the little picture, and then put them up in paper and laid them carefully aside.

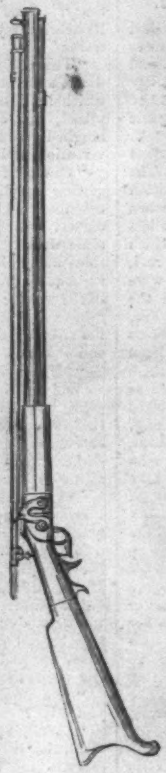
"The evening came. All that remained to be done for our lost comrade had been done, and we—that is, I myself and a few of the others—had gathered in his room to look over his effects, and see whether he had left any memoranda of wishes to be fulfilled. In his desk there was a sealed letter to his mother, and another to the original of the miniature—nothing else. That night I resolved to pass in his room, with two or three of my companions, keeping watch by his body. A fearful gloom hung over us as we sat there in silence beside our dead comrade, the favorite of every man among us. We were silent, near the window, when, just as the clock struck twelve, the apparition—seen by all of us—passed into the room, glided over to the bedside, bent over the dead form, hissed into the face, and vanished.

"Next day the body of poor Harrison was buried beneath a large spreading tree. I have been at the burial of many officers and comrades, but never in my life have I attended one so sad. That very day we began our march to Lisbon, and before the end of the week embarked on board the transports prepared for us. Of the six men into whose faces the apparition had hissed, or seemed to hiss, not one reached England. One threw himself overboard in a fit of madness, and five died on the voyage.

"I have never been able to unravel the mystery of Harrison's death. It will never be unraveled now, I suppose, until the day when all secrets are revealed."



COLONEL BERDAN, OF THE BERDAN SHARP-SHOOTERS, PRACTICING AT A TARGET AT WEEHAWKEN, NEW JERSEY.



Colonel Berdan's Rifle.

Target "Jeff Davis," after Half an Hour's Firing.

COLONEL BERDAN AND HIS SHARP SHOOTERS.

We illustrate herewith the exploits of Colonel Berdan and his famous sharp-shooting regiment, which will shortly be heard of at the war. On 7th the Colonel gave an exhibition of his skill at Weehawken, New Jersey, in presence of a large crowd of spectators. The reporter of the *Evening Post* thus described the scene:

The "man target," christened Jeff Davis, was set up at a distance of a little more than two hundred yards. Colonel Berdan inaugurated the firing. In an easy, business-like way he loaded his rifle, an ordinary target piece, with a telescopic sight, and approached the "rest." The visitors crowded around him in every direction, excepting, of course, that occupied by the muzzle of the rifle. A sense of personal danger preserved a small opening there. The wind blew quite heavily.

It will be conceded that these circumstances were not particularly conducive to careful and unerring aim. But Colonel Berdan is a man of wonderful nerve. The crowd did not at all disturb him. He proceeded in the work with the utmost steadiness. Balancing his rifle for a moment, he fired at the head of the figure. When the smoke cleared away, the hole made by the bullet was observed by the aid of the telescope—the cheek, near the nose.

Again the Colonel loaded and quickly fired at the head, hitting it just over the frontispiece of the cap which was painted upon it.

The third shot was fired. "Put his eye out," remarked the Colonel. The ball had struck near enough to that organ to destroy its use had it been a real one.

The fourth shot hit the face.

"I'll try nature's rest," said the Colonel, and he proceeded to a knoll near by, and throwing himself at its side, accommodated his person to its shape and took aim, but the percussion cap only exploded. "Davis is safe this time," he remarked. "We'll try him again." Another cap was provided, and the image was struck just below the front piece of the cap. The aim was quite as accurate as that he had previously obtained.

The sixth shot hit about two inches lower than the fifth.

The seventh hit the top of the head.

Loading again, the Colonel made ready to fire. "Where will you have this shot?" he inquired of one standing by. "In the end of the nose," was the answer. "Between the eyes," suggested another. At this moment the rifle was discharged. "You spoke too late," quietly remarked the Colonel, "he has another nostril." A gentleman was called to witness the effect of the shot, and afterward our reporter. It was as the Colonel had said. The nose had an additional aperture.

"Where shall I put the next shot?" the Colonel inquired of the gentleman at whose request he had spoiled the nose of the image. "Try his right eye," was the answer. No sooner said than it was done. The ball entered the lower part of the eye. The effect of this shot was carefully noted by several persons through the glass.

"Will you tell me where to hit him again?" once more asked the Colonel of the person who had called the last two shots. That individual declined. He was satisfied that the Colonel could hit any thing, and it was not worth while to fire at the image, whose face was riddled. "We will hit him once more, and now in the centre of the forehead." This shot, the tenth, was the finest of the whole. It took effect midway between the front piece of the cap and the root of the nose, and directly over that organ. The distances were almost mathematically accurate.

The *Times* thus speaks of the Regiment:

Some idea of the rigidity of the test may be gathered from the fact that no man is admitted who does not shoot, at 600 feet distance, *ten consecutive shots at an average of five inches from the bull's-eye.* That is, the aggregate distance of the whole ten shots must not exceed fifty inches. Not a man is accepted under any circumstances who varies a hair-breadth from the mark. Remarkable though it may seem, many of the men exceed this proficiency. Colonel Berdan himself has, on a windy day, with a strange rifle, put ten balls within an average distance of one inch and one-tenth each from the bull's-eye, at 600 feet. At 1000 feet the Colonel made a string of 22 inches. Sergeant-Major Brown, under more unfavorable circumstances, made a string of 33 inches, or a little more than three inches each ball, at a distance of 100 yards, with a strange rifle. In testing the applicants at Albany, about two-thirds were found unfitted, and indeed the general average of incompetent applicants is more than that. The American riflemen prove generally superior, especially the hunters of New England and the West. The First Lieutenant of Captain Shoenecker's company is Mr. Sonnley, formerly Professor of Mathematics in the Nashville Military Academy, and other gentlemen equally qualified will be in the ranks.

The uniform of the sharp-shooters will be green in summer and gray at other seasons, to assimilate as nearly as possible with the colors of nature. They ridicule the idea of Zouave and Havelock uniforms, as affording too splendid a target for marksmen. They will be armed with the most improved Springfield rifle, with a plain silver pin sight at the muzzle, and notch sight, or the globe sight at the breech for long range, or on a dark day, or night shooting. It was at first intended to arm them with the Northern target-rifle, but it was found that there were not enough in the country. Colonel Berdan has invented a ball which is superior to the old Springfield rifle ball. It will carry with great accuracy a distance of 3000 feet. It is a grooved and conical ball, and is almost certain for a horse at the distance of three-fifths of a mile. Each man may take his own rifle if he wishes.

The design of the Colonel is to have the regiment detached in squads on the field of battle to do duty in picking off officers and gunners on the European plan, by which they take the risk of being cut off by cavalry, or executed, as they certainly would be, if taken. It is the first regiment of rifles ever formed worthy of the name—*i. e.*, that subjected each member to the rifle-shooting test.

Colonel Berdan comes of Huguenot stock. His ancestry came to this country after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He was born in the western part of New York.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL BURNSIDE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

THE REBEL GENERAL LEE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

BRIG.-GEN. BURNSIDE, U.S.A.

WE take pleasure in laying before our readers the portrait of BRIGADIER-GENERAL BURNSIDE, United States Army, one of the most gallant officers in the army. General Burnside was born some thirty-seven years ago, in Indiana, and entered the Military Academy at West Point from that State. On graduating he entered the Second Artillery, and served in Captain (now rebel General) Bragg's Company for several years. Some six or seven years since he invented a rifle of peculiar merit, and, resigning his rank in the army (which was that of Lieutenant), devoted his whole time to his invention. At that period it was intended to arm the United States army with some improved weapon, and several inventors competed for the prize. Among others, Burnside's rifle was the subject of many tests, and, in the opinion of good judges, was the best of the many pieces offered to the War Department. The inventor had reason to believe that it would be the one chosen: he had, we understand, assurances to that effect from John B. Floyd, then Secretary of War, and was thus induced to incur heavy outlays to bring his weapon to perfection. But the fact was that Floyd had already made a secret bargain with another inventor to decide in favor of *his* rifle, on the condition that he, Floyd, was to participate in the profits of the invention.

This appalling discovery was made by Major Burnside after he had incurred very heavy expenses to bring his weapon to perfection. He was a ruined man. He returned to New York without occupation, without money, and with heavy debts pressing for payment.

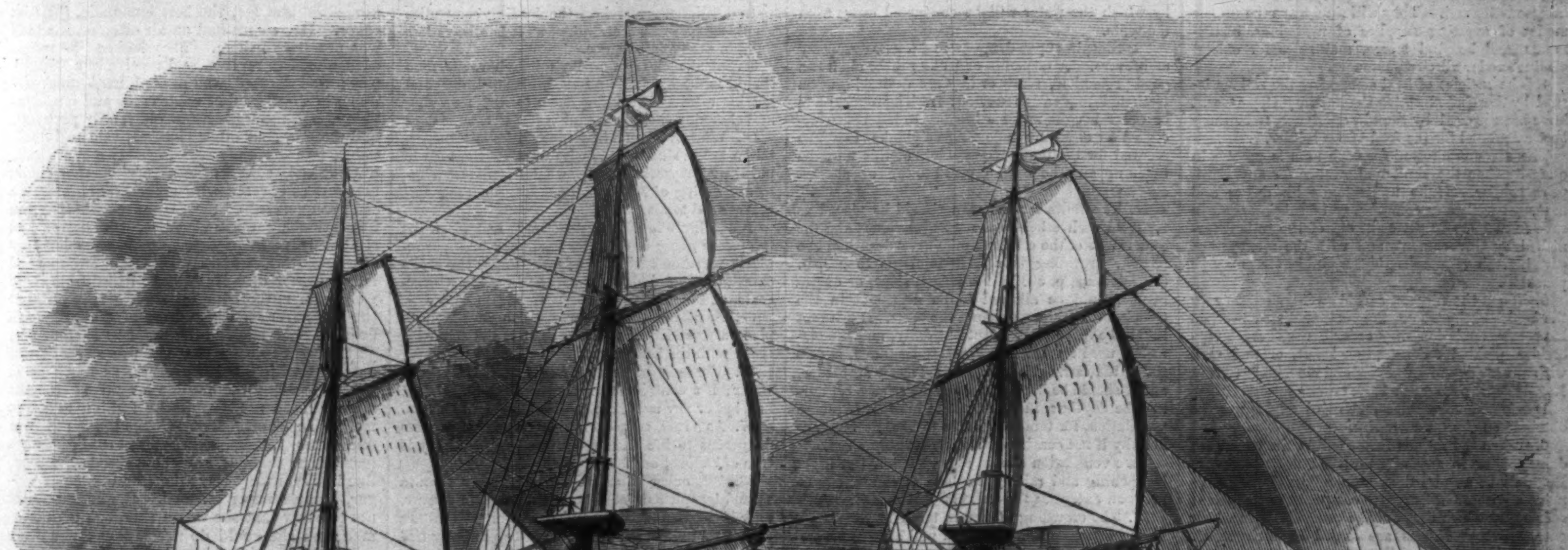
We believe it to be a fact that, a few days after the discovery of Floyd's treachery, he walked up the Bowery as bravely as he would have walked up to a hostile battery, entered a Jew clothing-store, and sold his uniform and sword for something like thirty dollars; handing this, and some twenty dollars more, to his wife, he kept half as much for himself, and went to the West in search of employment. There he had the good luck to meet with the President of the Illinois Central, who, at once struck with the remarkable merit of the man, offered him a post in that Company's service by the side of the present General M'Clellan. He served the Illinois Central until the outbreak of the war; and we hope that we may be forgiven for adding that, until recently—when a fortunate legacy raised General Burnside to a position of affluence—by the practice of the most rigid economy, he was able to pay over two-thirds of his salary monthly to the creditors to whom he had become indebted in consequence of the treachery of John B. Floyd.

General Burnside is a remarkably handsome man, and very winning in his manners. He is popular with every one, and has many friends at the South. In January last, when only a few persons here foresaw the issue of war, he warned the leading men of New Orleans, on the occasion of a visit there, of the consequences of their mad folly. "You are going to involve us in war," he said, "and you will be beaten. One Northern man can whip two of your people." They didn't like it, but Burnside's eye warned them that he was a man with whom it would not be pleasant to quarrel.

We can not conclude this little sketch without adding that, as in all well-ordered stories, the rogue Floyd made nothing by his rascality. Jeff Davis, then chairman of the Senate Committee on Military affairs, found him out, and was so disgusted that he introduced — solely for the purpose of heading off Floyd — a bill to prohibit the purchase of patented arms for the United States army. He explained the motive of the bill privately to the leaders of both Houses, and it became a law, greatly to Floyd's discomfiture, as may be imagined. We do not envy Brigadier-General Floyd if, in the course of the war, he should happen to meet his old acquaintance, the gallant Brigadier-General Burnside.

THE REBEL GENERAL LEE.

WE publish herewith, from a photograph by Brady, a portrait of the rebel GENERAL LEE, now one of the "Generals" of the Confederate forces in Virginia. ROBERT E. LEE was born in Virginia about the year 1808. He entered West Point, where he received the usual military education at the cost of the Government of the United States. He graduated honorably in 1829, and received an appointment as Second Lieutenant of Engineers. For eighteen years he served in the army, drawing the usual pay from the Government, and rising to the rank of Major and Lieutenant-Colonel of Cavalry. In the Mexican war he was further honored by a brevet of Colonel, and on the appointment of Albert S. Johnston to the command of the Utah expedition, Lee succeeded him in command of the 2d Cavalry. After filling this honorable and agreeable post in the military service of his country for several years, he crowned his career by deserting his flag at the moment of his country's sorest need. When the Richmond politicians passed what they called an Ordinance of Secession, Robert E. Lee threw up his commission and accepted the rank of General in the rebel army.



THE UNITED STATES WAR STEAMER "MINNESOTA," FLAG-SHIP OF THE BLOCKADING SQUADRON.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY WHIPPLE, OF BOSTON.]

Rules for Preserving the Health of the Soldier.

REPORT OF THE U. S. SANITARY COMMISSION.

PUBLISHED AT THE REQUEST OF THE SANITARY COMMISSIONERS.

THE members of the Sanitary Commission ordered by the President of the United States, and acting under the direction of the Secretary of War, in co-operation with the Army Medical Bureau, to secure by all possible means the health and efficiency of our troops now in the field, and to prevent unnecessary disease and suffering, do most earnestly and affectionately request their brethren of the volunteer and militia to adopt and carry out the following "RULES FOR PRESERVING THE HEALTH OF THE SOLDIER." They are derived from the highest authority and the largest experience of military and medical men; and it is believed that, if followed with the intelligence and honesty of purpose which characterize the American soldier, they will save the lives of thousands of brave men who would be otherwise lost to the service of their country.

They are addressed alike to officers and privates, inasmuch as the latter are liable to promotion, and upon their officers devolves the responsibility of securing their health, safety, and comfort. They will be found in no instance to conflict with the "Army Regulations," by which all ranks are governed, and with which every good soldier should be familiar.

1. It is absolutely necessary, for the sake of humanity and the efficiency of the army, that every man laboring under any physical infirmity which is liable to unfit him for bearing without injury the fatigues and hardships of a soldier's life in the field, should be promptly discharged from the service by his commanding officer on a surgeon's certificate of disability. (Army Regulations, par. 159-167, and 1134, 1135, 1138.)

It is the duty of every good soldier who is conscious of any such disease or defect, which may have been overlooked on inspection, to report himself to the surgeon for advice.

In case of discharge, means are provided for his prompt payment and conveyance to his home.

2. Every officer and soldier should be carefully vaccinated with fresh vaccine matter, unless already marked by small-pox; and in all cases where there is any doubt as to the success of the operation it should be repeated at once.

"Good vaccine matter will be kept on hand by timely requisition on the Surgeon-General." (General Regulations, par. 1105, 1134.)

3. Medical officers are earnestly advised to make themselves familiar with the "*Revised Regulations for the Medical Department of the Army*," a copy of which should be obtained by application to the Surgeon-General. They will thus learn the proper modes of securing supplies of medicines, instruments, and hospital stores, and rules for official conduct under all circumstances.

4. The articles of food composing the rations issued by the United States Commissary Department have been proved, by sound experience, to be those best calculated for the food of the soldier.

The amount allowed for each man is greater in quantity than the similar allowance for any European soldier. If he understands his duties and manages well, any commissary of subsistence can save from 15 to 30 per cent. out of the rations furnished by Government, and with the money thus saved, fresh vegetables, butter, milk, etc., may be procured.

5. When the surgeon considers it "necessary for the health of the troops, the commanding officer, on his recommendation, may order issues of fresh vegetables, pickled onions, sauer-kraut, or molasses, with an extra quantity of rice and vinegar." (Army Regulations, paragraph 1079.)

Dessicated vegetables and dried apples may be obtained on similar authority.

6. When the rations furnished for the troops are damaged, or in any way unfit for use, the Army Regulations require the commanding officer to appoint a "Board of Survey," composed of competent officers, by which they may be condemned, in which case, good provisions are issued in their stead. (Par. 926.)

7. Soldiers should always eat at regular hours, as far as the exigencies of service permit. Neglect of regular hours for meals tends to disorder the digestion, and to invite diarrhea.

8. Each company should have its regularly detailed cook and assistant, who should always, on a march, be allowed to ride in one of the wagons, when practicable, inasmuch as their services are more necessary for the health of the men than in the ranks, and they are often required to cook at night the rations for the next day, while the men are sleeping. The men should always willingly procure wood and water for the cooks, whether detailed for such service or otherwise.

9. "Bread and soup are the great items of a soldier's diet in every situation: to make them well is therefore an essential part of his instruction. Those great scourges of a camp life, the scurvy and diarrhea, more frequently result from a want of skill in cooking than from the badness of the ration, or from any other cause whatever. Officers in command, and more immediately regimental officers, will therefore give a strict attention to this vital branch of interior economy." (Winfield Scott.)

10. The best mode of cooking fresh meat is to make a stew of it, with the addition of such vegetables as can be obtained. It may also be boiled; but roasting, broiling, or frying, in camp, are wasteful and unhealthy modes of cooking.

11. "In camp or barracks the company officers must visit the kitchen daily, and inspect the kettles. * * * The commanding officer of the post or regiment will make frequent inspections of the kitchens and messes. * * * The greatest care will be observed in washing and scouring the cooking utensils: those made of brass or copper should be lined with tin. * * * The bread must be thoroughly baked, and not eaten until it is cold. The soup must be boiled at least five hours, and the vegetables always cooked sufficiently to be perfectly soft and digestible." (Regulations, par. 111, 112, 113.) Medical officers should frequently examine the articles of food issued to the men, inspect and taste it when cooked, and scrutinize the goodness of the cooking, and the condition, as to safety and cleanliness, of cooking utensils.

12. Spirits should only be issued to the men after unusual exertion, fatigue, or exposure, and on the discretion of the surgeon.

Those men who drink spirits habitually, or who commit excess in its use, are the first to fail when strength and endurance are required, and they are less likely to recover from wounds and injuries.

13. Water should be always drank in moderation, especially when the body is heated. The excessive thirst which follows violent exertion, or loss of blood, is unnatural, and is not quenched by large and repeated draughts; on the contrary, these are liable to do harm by causing bowel complaints. Experience teaches the old soldier that the less he drinks when on a march the better, and that he suffers less in the end by controlling the desire to drink, however urgent.

14. There is no more frequent source of disease, in camp life, than inattention to the calls of nature. Habitual neglect of nature's wants will certainly lead to disease and suffering. A trench should always be dug, and provided with a pole, supported by uprights, at a properly selected spot at a moderate distance from camp, as soon as the locality of the latter has been determined upon; one should be provided for the officers and another for the men. The strictest discipline in regard to the performance of these duties is absolutely essential to health, as well as to decency. Men should never be allowed to void their excrement elsewhere than in the regularly established sinks. In a well regulated camp the sinks are visited daily by a police party, and a layer of earth thrown in, and lime and other disinfecting agents employed to prevent them from becoming offensive and unhealthy. It is the duty of the surgeon to call the attention of the commanding officer to any neglect of this important item of camp police, and also to see that the shambles, where the cattle are slaughtered, are not allowed to become offensive, and that all offal is promptly buried at a sufficient distance from camp, and covered by at least four feet of earth. (Regulations, par. 505, 513.)

15. Except when impossible for military reasons, the *site of a camp* should be selected for the *dryness of its soil, its proximity to fresh water of good quality*, and *shelter from high winds*. It should be on a slight declivity, in order to facilitate drainage, and not in the vicinity of swamps or stagnant water.

A trench, at least eighteen inches deep, should be dug around each tent, to secure dryness, and these should lead into other main drains or gutters, by which the water will be conducted away from the tents.

16. Sleeping upon damp ground causes dysentery and fevers. A tarpaulin or India rubber cloth is a good protection; straw or hay are desirable, when fresh and frequently renewed; fresh hemlock, pine, or cedar boughs make a healthy bed. When occupied for any time, a flooring of planks should be secured for the tents, if possible, but this must be taken up, and the earth exposed to the sun, at least every week.

17. The tents for the men should be placed as far from each other as the "Regulations" and the dimensions of the camp permit (never less than two paces); crowding is always injurious to health. (Regulations, p. 508.) No refuse, slops, or excrement should be allowed to be deposited in the trenches for drainage around the tents. Each tent should be thoroughly swept out daily, and the materials used for bedding aired and sunned, if possible; the canvas should be raised freely at its base, and it should be kept open as much as possible during the daytime, in dry weather, in order to secure ventilation, for tents are liable to become very unhealthy if not constantly and thoroughly aired.

Free ventilation should also be secured at night by opening and raising the base of the tent to as great an extent as the weather will permit.

18. The crowding of men in tents for sleeping is highly injurious to health, and will always be prevented by a commanding officer who is anxious for the welfare of his men. Experience has proved that sleeping beneath simple sheds of canvas, or even in the open air, is less dangerous to health than overcrowding in tents.

No more than five men should ever be allowed to sleep in a common army tent of the kind most commonly in use.

19. The men should sleep in their shirts and drawers, removing the shoes, stockings, and outer clothing, except when absolutely impracticable. Sleeping in the clothes is never so refreshing, and is absolutely unhealthy.

20. The men should never be allowed to sleep in wet clothing, or under a wet blanket, if it can be possibly avoided; and, after being wetted, all articles of clothing and blankets should be thoroughly dried and sunned before being used. After a thorough wetting there is no serious danger as long as the body is kept in motion; but the wet clothes should be replaced by dry shirt and drawers before sleeping, otherwise there is danger of talking cold, and of other grave forms of disease. If the men are deficient in the necessary supply of clothing for a change, the surgeon should report the fact to the commanding officer.

21. Camp fires should be allowed whenever admissible; they are useful for purifying the air, for preventing annoyance from insect, for drying clothing, and for security against chilliness during the night.

22. The under-clothing should be washed and thoroughly dried once a week.

The men should bathe, or wash the whole body with water, at least once a week, and oftener when practicable, but the feet should be bathed daily, and the stockings washed whenever soiled.

23. The hair and beard should be closely cropped. If vermin make their appearance, apply promptly to the surgeon for means to destroy them. Extra soap may be procured on recommendation of the surgeon.

It is the immediate duty of non-commissioned officers in command of squads to see that these, and all other precautions required for the health of the men, are strictly carried out under the orders of the company and medical officers.

24. When bowel complaints are prevalent, be especially observant of the rules for preserving health, and apply to the surgeon for a flannel bandage to be worn constantly around the belly.

25. It is wise and prudent, when ague and fevers are prevalent, that every man should take a dose of quinine bitters at least once in twenty-four hours. This will surely serve as a safeguard against an attack of disease; it has been practiced in Florida and elsewhere with undoubted benefit.

26. The men should not be over-drilled. It is likely to beget disgust for drill, and to defeat its object. Three drills a day, of one hour each, for squads, and a proportionate length of time, when sufficiently advanced, for battalion drill, is more profitable than double the time similarly occupied.

27. When practicable, amusements, sports, and gymnastic exercises should be favored among the men, such as running, leaping, wrestling, fencing, bayonet exercise, cricket, base-ball, foot-ball, quoits, etc., etc.

28. *On a march* take especial care of the feet. Bathe them every night before sleeping, not in the morning. Select a shoe of stout, soft leather, with a broad sole, and low heel.

Prefer woolen socks. If the feet begin to chafe, rub the socks with common soap where they come in contact with the sore places.

29. An old soldier drinks and eats as little as possible while marching. The recruit, on the contrary, is continually munching the contents of his haversack, and using his canteen; it is a bad habit, and causes more suffering in the end.

30. The commencement of the day's march should be prompt. Nothing tires the men so much as hanging around a camp, waiting for the word to start.

31. It is a great comfort to the men to halt for ten or fifteen minutes at the end of the first half hour; many, about this time, require to attend to the calls of nature. After this there should be a halt of ten or fifteen minutes at the end of every hour, with a rest of twenty minutes in the middle of the day for lunch. A longer halt than this stiffens the men and renders subsequent marching difficult. The best rule is to get through the day's march, and rest in camp, if possible, by two o'clock P.M.

32. The best pace to adopt, in marching, is from 90 to 100 steps (of 28 inches each) to the minute; this will give a rate of from $2\frac{1}{4}$ to $2\frac{3}{4}$ miles to the hour.

In continuous marches, the leading companies should be alternated each day, as it is always less fatiguing to be in advance.

33. At the close of a day's march every man should bathe his feet, and wash his stockings, and get his meal before lying down to rest, removing and changing the under-clothing, if wet.

34. Whenever, on a march, facilities of transportation are available, it is wise to allow the men to put their knapsacks into the wagons; this is an immense saving of strength, especially to troops unaccustomed to marching.

When there is liability to attack, and when the troops are going into battle, this measure is particularly recommended, as the men, under these circumstances, are liable to lose their knapsacks, overcoats, and blankets.

35. *In action*, the proper position in which to place a wounded or fainting man is flat upon his back, with the head *very slightly* raised.

36. The most urgent want of a wounded man is water; if a canteen or cup is not at hand, bring it in a hat or any available vessel.

37. As a rule, cuts, even when extensive, are less dangerous to life than they seem; the contrary is true of bayonet and bullet wounds.

38. Whenever blood is flowing freely from a wound by spirts or jets, there is immediate danger, and, if the wound is situated in one of the limbs, a stout handkerchief or band should be promptly tied loosely around it, *between the wound and the heart*; a drum-stick, bayonet, ramrod, or jack-knife is to be then inserted between the skin and the bandage, and twisted around until the strangulation of the limb stops the flow of blood, and it should be held thus until the surgeon arrives.

In a less urgent case, or where the wound is differently situated, pressure applied directly to its surface, and kept up steadily, will often save life.

39. Wounded men should always be handled with extreme care, especially if bones are broken. The medical assistants are always provided with spirits and anodynes.

40. It is by no means necessary that a bullet should always be extracted; they often remain in the body, and do little or no harm, much less, in fact, than might be done in attempts to remove them.

WASHINGTON, *July* 12, 1861.

W. H. VAN BUREN, M.D.

Adopted and approved by the Commission at a meeting held at Washington, July 12, 1861.

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A STRANGE STORY.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER VII.

I HAVE given a sketch of the outward woman of Mrs. Colonel Poyntz. The inner woman was a recondite mystery, deep as that of the sphinx, whose features her own resembled. But between the outward and the inward woman there is ever a third woman—the conventional woman—such as the whole human being appears to the world—always mantled, sometimes masked.

I am told that the fine people of London do not recognize the title of "Mrs. Colonel." If that be true, the fine people of London must be clearly in the wrong, for no people in the universe could be finer than the fine people of Abbey Hill; and they considered their sovereign had as good a right to the title of Mrs. Colonel as the Queen of England has to that of "our Gracious Lady." But Mrs. Poyntz herself never assumed the title of Mrs. Colonel; it never appeared on her cards any more than the title of "Gracious Lady" appears on the cards which convey the invitation that a Lord Steward or Lord Chamberlain is commanded by her Majesty to issue. To titles, indeed, Mrs. Poyntz evinced no superstitious reverence. Two peeresses related to her, not distantly, were in the habit of paying her a yearly visit, which lasted two or three days. The Hill considered these visits an honor to its eminence. Mrs. Poyntz never seemed to esteem them an honor to herself; never boasted of them; never sought to show off her grand relations, nor put herself the least out of the way to receive them. Her mode of life was free from ostentation. She had the advantage of being a few hundreds a year richer than any other inhabitant of the Hill; but she did not devote her superior resources to the invidious exhibition of superior splendor. Like a wise sovereign, the revenues of her exchequer were applied to the benefit of her subjects, and not to the vanity of egotistical parade. As no one else on the Hill kept a carriage, she declined to keep one. Her entertainments were simple, but numerous. Twice a week she received the Hill, and was genuinely at home to it. She contrived to make her parties proverbially agreeable. The refreshments were of the same kind as those which the poorest of her old maids of honor might proffer; but they were better of their kind, the best of their kind—the best tea, the best lemonade, the best cakes. Her rooms had an air of comfort which was peculiar to them. They looked like rooms accustomed to receive, and receive in a friendly way; well warmed, well lighted, card-tables and piano in the place that made cards and music inviting. On the walls a few old family portraits, and three or four other pictures, said to be valuable, and certainly pleasing—two Watteau's, a Canaletti, a Weenix—plenty of easy-chairs and settees covered with a cheerful chintz. In the arrangement of the furniture generally, an indescribable careless elegance. She herself was studiously plain in dress, more conspicuously free from jewelry and trinkets than any married lady on the Hill. But I have heard from those who were authorities on such a subject, that she was never seen in a dress of the last year's fashion. She adopted the mode as it came out, just enough to show that she was aware it was out; but with a sober reserve, as much as to say, "I adopt the fashion as far as it suits myself; I do not permit the fashion to adopt me." In short, Mrs. Colonel Poyntz was sometimes rough, sometimes coarse, always masculine; and yet, somehow or other, masculine in a womanly way; but she was never vulgar, because never affected. It was impossible not to allow that she was a thorough gentlewoman, and she could do things that lower other gentlewomen without any loss of dignity. Thus she was an admirable mimic, certainly in itself the least lady-like condescension of humor. But when she mimicked, it was with so tranquil a gravity, or so royal a good-humor, that one could only say, "What talents for society dear Mrs. Colonel has!" As she was a gentlewoman emphatically, so the other colonel, the he-colonel, was emphatically a gentleman; rather shy, but not cold; hating trouble of every kind, pleased to seem a cipher in his own house. If the sole study of Mrs. Colonel had been to make her husband comfortable, she could not have succeeded better than by bringing friends about him and then taking them off his hands. Colonel Poyntz, the he-colonel, had seen in his youth actual service; but had retired from his profession many years ago, shortly after his marriage. He was a younger brother of one of the principal squires in the county; inherited the house he lived in, with some other valuable property in and about L——, from an uncle; was considered a good landlord; and popular in Low Town, though he never interfered in its affairs. He was punctiliously neat in his dress; a thin youthful figure, crowned with a thick youthful wig. He never seemed to read any thing but the newspapers and the *Meteorological Journal*; was supposed to be the most weather-wise man in all L——. He had another intellectual predilection—whist. But in that he had less reputation for wisdom. Perhaps it requires a rarer combination of mental faculties to win an odd trick than to divine a fall in the glass. For the rest, the he-colonel, many years older than his

wife, despite the thin youthful figure, was an admirable aid-de-camp to the general in command, Mrs. Colonel; and she could not have found one more obedient, more devoted, or more proud of a distinguished chief.

In giving to Mrs. Colonel Poyntz the appellation of Queen of the Hill, let there be no mistake. She was not a constitutional sovereign; her monarchy was absolute. All her proclamations had the force of laws.

Such ascendency could not have been attained without considerable talents for acquiring and keeping it. Amidst all her off-hand, brisk, imperious frankness, she had the ineffable discrimination of tact. Whether civil or rude, she was never civil or rude but what she carried public opinion along with her. Her knowledge of general society must have been limited, as must be that of all female sovereigns. But she seemed gifted with an intuitive knowledge of human nature, which she applied to her special ambition of ruling it. I have not a doubt that if she had been suddenly transferred, a perfect stranger, to the world of London, she would have soon forced her way to its selectest circles, and, when once there, held her own against a duchess.

I have said that she was not affected; this might be one cause of her sway over a set in which nearly every other female was trying rather to seem, than to be, a somebody.

But if Mrs. Colonel Poyntz was not artificial, she was artful, or perhaps I might more justly say—artistic. In all she said and did there were conduct, system, plan. She could be a most serviceable friend, a most damaging enemy; yet I believe she seldom indulged in strong likings or strong hatreds. All was policy—a policy akin to that of a grand party chief, determined to raise up those whom, for any reason of state, it was prudent to favor, and to put down those whom, for any reason of state, it was expedient to humble or to crush.

Ever since the controversy with Dr. Lloyd this lady had honored me with her benignest countenance. And nothing could be more adroit than the manner in which, while imposing me on others as an oracular authority, she sought to subject to her will the oracle itself.

She was in the habit of addressing me in a sort of motherly way, as if she had the deepest interest in my welfare, happiness, and reputation. And thus, in every compliment, in every seeming mark of respect, she maintained the superior dignity of one who takes from responsible station the duty to encourage rising merit: so that, somehow or other, despite all that pride which made me believe that I needed no helping hand to advance or to clear my way through the world, I could not shake off from my mind the impression that I was mysteriously patronized by Mrs. Colonel Poyntz.

We might have sat together five minutes, side by side—in silence as complete as if in the cave of Trophonius—when, without looking up from her work, Mrs. Poyntz said abruptly,

"I am thinking about you, Dr. Fenwick. And you—are thinking about some other woman. Ungrateful man!"

"Unjust accusation! My very silence should prove how intently my thoughts were fixed on you, and on the weird web which springs under your hand in meshes that bewilder the gaze and snare the attention."

Mrs. Poyntz looked up at me for a moment—one rapid glance of the bright red hazel eye—and said,

"Was I really in your thoughts? Answer truly."

"Truly, I answer, you were."

"That is strange! Who can it be?"

"Who can it be! What do you mean?"

"If you were thinking of me, it was in connection with some other person—some other person of my own sex. It is certainly not poor dear Miss Brabazon. Who else can it be?"

Again the red eye shot over me, and I felt my cheek redden beneath it.

"Hush!" she said, lowering her voice; "you are in love!"

"In love!—I! Permit me to ask you why you think so?"

"The signs are unmistakable; you are altered in your manner, even in the expression of your face, since I last saw you; your manner is generally quiet and observant, it is now restless and distracted; your expression of face is generally proud and serene, it is now humbled and troubled. You have something on your mind! It is not anxiety for your reputation, that is established; nor for your fortune, that is made; it is not anxiety for a patient, or you would scarcely be here. But anxiety it is, an anxiety that is remote from your profession, that touches your heart and is new to it!"

I was startled, almost awed. But I tried to cover my confusion with a forced laugh.

"Profound observer! Subtle analyst! You have convinced me that I must be in love, though I did not suspect it before. But when I strive to conjecture the object, I am as much perplexed as yourself; and with you, I ask, who can it be?"

"Whoever it be," said Mrs. Poyntz, who had paused, while I spoke, from her knitting, and now resumed it very slowly and very carefully, as if her mind and her knitting worked in unison together. "Whoever it be, love in you would be serious; and, with or without love, marriage is a serious thing to us all. It is not every pretty girl that would suit Allen Fenwick."

"Alas! is there any pretty girl whom Allen Fenwick would suit?"

"Tut! You should be above the fretful vanity that lays traps for a compliment. Yes; the time has come in your life and your career when you would do well to marry. I give my consent to that," she added, with a smile as if in jest, and a slight nod as if in earnest. The knitting here went on more decidedly, more quickly. "But I do not yet see the person. No! 'Tis a pity, Allen Fenwick" (whenever Mrs. Poyntz called me by my Christian name, she always assumed her majestic motherly manner), "a pity that, with your birth, energies, perseverance, talents, and, let me add, your advantages of manner and person—a pity that you did not choose a career that might achieve higher fortunes and louder fame than the most brilliant success can give to a provincial physician. But in that very choice you interest me. My choice has been much the same. A small circle, but the first in it. Yet, had I been a man, or had my dear colonel been a man whom it was in the power of woman's art to raise one step higher in that metaphorical ladder which is not the ladder of the angels, why, then—what then? No matter! I am contented. I transfer my ambition to Jane. Do you not think her handsome?"

"There can be no doubt of that," said I, carelessly and naturally.

"I have settled Jane's lot in my own mind," resumed Mrs. Poyntz, striking firm into another row of the knitting. "She will marry a country gentleman of large estate. He will go into Parliament. She will study his advancement as I study Poyntz's comfort. If he be clever, she will help to make him a minister; if he be not clever, his wealth will make her a personage, and lift him into a personage's husband. And, now that you see I have no matrimonial designs on you, Allen Fenwick, think if it be worth while to confide in me. Possibly I may be useful—"

"I know not how to thank you. But, as yet, I have nothing to confide."

While thus saying, I turned my eyes toward the open window, beside which I sat. It was a beautiful soft night. The May moon in all her splendor. The town stretched, far and wide, below with all its numberless lights; below—but somewhat distant—an intervening space was covered, here, by the broad quadrangle (in the midst of which stood, massive and lonely, the grand old church); and, there, by the gardens and scattered cottages or mansions that clothed the sides of the hill.

"Is not that house," I said, after a short pause, "yonder, with the three gables, the one in which—which poor Dr. Lloyd lived—Abbots' House?"

I spoke abruptly, as if to intimate my desire to change the subject of conversation. My hostess stopped her knitting, half rose, looked forth.

"Yes. But what a lovely night! How is it that the moon blends into harmony things of which the sun only marks the contrast? That stately old church tower, gray with its thousand years—those vulgar tile-roofs and chimney-pots raw in the freshness of yesterday; now, under the moonlight, all melt into one indivisible charm!"

As my hostess thus spoke she had left her seat, taking her work with her, and passed from the window into the balcony. It was not often that Mrs. Poyntz condescended to admit what is called "sentiment" into the range of her sharp practical, worldly talk, but she did so at times; always, when she did, giving me the idea of an intellect much too comprehensive not to allow that sentiment has a place in this life, but keeping it in its proper place by that mixture of affability and indifference with which some high-born beauty allows the genius but checks the presumption of a charming and penniless poet. For a few minutes her eyes roved over the scene in evident enjoyment; then, as they slowly settled upon the three gables of Abbots' House, her face regained that something of hardness which belonged to its decided character; her fingers again mechanically resumed their knitting, and she said, in her clear, unsoftened, metallic chime of voice, "Can you guess why I took so much trouble to oblige Mr. Vigors and locate Mrs. Ashleigh yonder?"

"You favored us with a full explanation of your reasons."

"Some of my reasons; not the main one. People who undertake the task of governing others, as I do, be their rule a kingdom or a hamlet, must adopt a principle of government and adhere to it. The principle that suits best with the Hill is respect for the Proprieties. We have not much money; *entre nous*, we have no great rank. Our policy is, then, to set up the Proprieties as an influence which money must court and rank is afraid of. I had learned just before Mr. Vigors called on me that Lady Sarah Bellasis entertained the idea of hiring Abbots' House. London has set its face against her; a provincial town would be more charitable. An earl's daughter, with a good income and an awfully bad name, of the best manners and of the worst morals, would have made sad havoc among the Proprieties. How many of our primmest old maids would have deserted Tea and Mrs. Poyntz for Champagne and her ladyship? The Hill was never in so imminent a danger. Rather than Lady Sarah Bellasis should have had that house I would have taken it myself and stocked it with owls.

"Mrs. Ashleigh turned up just in the critical moment. Lady Sarah is foiled, the Proprieties safe, and so that question is settled."

"And it will be pleasant to have your early friend so near you."

Mrs. Poyntz lifted her eyes full upon me.

"Do you know Mrs. Ashleigh?"

"Not the least."

"She has many virtues and few ideas. She is commonplace weak, as I am commonplace strong. But commonplace weak can be very lovable. Her husband, a man of genius and learning, gave her his whole heart—a heart worth having; but he was not ambitious, and he despised the world."

"I think you said your daughter was very much attached to Miss Ashleigh? Does her character resemble her mother's?"

I was afraid while I spoke that I should again meet Mrs. Poyntz's searching gaze, but she did not this time look up from her work.

"No; Lilian is any thing but commonplace."

"You described her as having delicate health; you implied a hope that she was not consumptive. I trust that there is no serious reason for apprehending a constitutional tendency which at her age would require the most careful watching!"

"I trust not. If she were to die— Dr. Fenwick, what is the matter?"

So terrible had been the picture which this woman's words had brought before me, that I started as if my own life had received a shock.

"I beg pardon," I said, falteringly, pressing my hand to my heart; "a sudden spasm here—it is over now. You were saying that—that—"

"I was about to say—" and here Mrs. Poyntz laid her hand lightly on mine. "I was about to say, that if Lilian Ashleigh were to die, I should mourn for her less than I might for one who valued the things of the earth more. But I believe there is no cause for the alarm my words so inconsiderately excited in you. Her mother is watchful and devoted; and if the least thing ailed Lilian, she would call in medical advice. Mr. Vigors would, I know, recommend Dr. Jones."

Closing our conference with those stinging words, Mrs. Poyntz here turned back into the drawing-room.

I remained some minutes on the balcony, disconcerted, enraged. With what consummate art had this practiced diplomatist wound herself into my secret. That she had read my heart better than myself was evident from that Parthian shaft, barbed with Dr. Jones, which she had shot over her shoulder in retreat. That from the first moment in which she had decoyed me to her side, she had detected "the something" on my mind, was perhaps but the ordinary quickness of female penetration. But it was with no ordinary craft that her whole conversation afterward had been so shaped as to learn the something, and lead me to reveal the some one to whom the something was linked. For what purpose? What was it to her? What motive could she have beyond the mere gratification of curiosity? Perhaps, at first, she thought I had been caught by her daughter's showy beauty, and hence the half-friendly, half-cynical frankness with which she had avowed her ambitious projects for that young lady's matrimonial advancement. Satisfied by my manner that I cherished no presumptuous hopes in that quarter, her scrutiny was doubtless continued from that pleasure in the exercise of a wily intellect which impels schemers and politicians to an activity for which, without that pleasure itself, there would seem no adequate inducement; and besides, the ruling passion of this petty sovereign was power. And if knowledge be power, there is no better instrument of power over a contumacious subject than that hold on his heart which is gained in the knowledge of its secret.

But "secret!" Had it really come to this? Was it possible that the mere sight of a human face, never beheld before, could disturb the whole tenor of my life—a stranger of whose mind and character I knew nothing, whose very voice I had never heard? It was only by the intolerable pang of anguish that had rent my heart in the words, carelessly, abruptly spoken, "if she were to die," that I had felt how the world would be changed to me, if indeed that face were seen in it no more! Yes, secret it was no longer to myself—I loved! And like all on whom love descends, sometimes softly, slowly, with the gradual wing of the cushat settling down into its nest, sometimes with the swoop of the eagle on his unsuspecting quarry, I believed that none ever before loved as I loved; that such love was an abnormal wonder, made solely for me, and I for it. Then my mind insensibly hushed its angrier and more turbulent thoughts, as my gaze rested upon the roof-tops of Lilian's home, and the shimmering silver of the moonlit willow, under which I had seen her gazing into the roseate heavens.

CHAPTER VIII.

When I returned to the drawing-room the party was evidently about to break up. Those who had grouped round the piano were now assembled round the refreshment table. The card-players had risen, and were settling or discussing gains and losses. While I was searching for my hat, which I had somewhere mislaid, a poor old gentleman, tormented by tic doloreux, crept timidly up to me—the proudest and the poorest of all the hidalgoes settled on the Hill. He could not afford a fee for a physician's advice, but pain had humbled his pride, and I saw at a glance that he was considering how to take a surreptitious advantage of social intercourse, and obtain the advice without paying the fee. The old man discovered the hat before I did, stooped, took it up, extended it to me with the profound bow of the old school, while the other hand, clenched and quivering, was pressed into the hollow of his cheek, and his eyes met mine with wistful mute entreaty. The instinct of my profession seized me at once. I could never behold suffering without forgetting all else in the desire to relieve it.

"You are in pain," said I, softly. "Sit down and describe the symptoms. Here, it is true, I am no professional doctor, but I am a friend who is fond of doctoring, and knows something about it."

So we sat down a little apart from the other guests, and, after a few questions and answers, I was pleased to find that his "tic" did not belong to the less curable kind of that agonizing neuralgia. I was especially successful in my treatment of similar sufferings for which I had discovered an anodyne that was almost specific. I wrote on a leaf of my pocket-book a prescription which I felt sure would be efficacious, and as I tore it out and placed it in his hand, I chanced to look up, and saw the hazel eyes of my hostess fixed upon me with a kinder and softer expression than they often condescended to admit into their cold and penetrating lustre. At that moment, however, her attention was drawn from me to a servant, who entered with a note, and I heard him say, though in an undertone, "From Mrs. Ashleigh."

She opened the note, read it hastily, ordered the servant to wait without the door, retired to her writing-table, which stood near the place at which I still lingered, rested her face on her hand, and seemed musing. Her meditation was very soon over. She turned her head, and, to my surprise, beckoned to me. I approached.

"Sit here," she whispered; "turn your back toward those people, who are no doubt watching us. Read this."

She placed in my hand the note she had just received. It contained but a few words to this effect:

"Dear Margaret,—I am so distressed. Since I wrote to you, a few hours ago, Lilian is taken suddenly ill, and I fear seriously. What medical man should I send for? Let my servant have his name and address. E. A."

I sprang from my seat.

"Stay," said Mrs. Poyntz. "Would you much care if I sent the servant to Dr. Jones?"

"Ah, Madam, you are cruel! What have I done that you should become my enemy?"

"Enemy! No. You have just befriended one of my friends. In this world of fools, intellect should ally itself with intellect. No; I am not your enemy! But you have not yet asked me to be your friend."

Here she put into my hands a note she had written while thus speaking. "Receive your credentials. If there be any cause for alarm, or if I can be of use, send for me." Resuming the work she had suspended, but with lingering, uncertain fingers, she added, "So far, then, this is settled. Nay, no thanks; it is but little that is settled as yet."

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